The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1913.

The Week

The decisive vote of the Senate, finding Judge Archbald guilty on five of the thirteen articles of impeachment, will almost surely be looked back upon in coming years as a landmark. The removal of the impeached judge, with his disqualification ever again to hold an office of honor or trust under the United States, serves at once as a salutary warning, a notification that the ancient remedies of the Constitution have not lost their virtue, and a revelation that the people are aroused and vigilant as regards anything that may stain the purity of the judiciary. Nor can Judge Archbald complain that he did not have a fair trial. Ample time was allowed him, and he was ably defended. His lawyers addressed themselves to the evidence, and were able to break down some of the charges, but their chief dependence was, confessedly, a narrow interpretation of the clause of the Constitution governing the impeachment of judges. No one accused Judge Archbald of any crime for which he could be punished in a court of justice. There was no direct charge of bribery, or the indirect sale of decisions. The only legal question was whether the conduct of which he was shown to have been guilty came under the general head of "misdemeanors," or of a breach of that "good behavior" upon which judicial tenure depends, in such a way that the Senate could properly remove him from the bench. Any one who has read the arguments of counsel on both sides must be aware that the issue is something more than technical. Hereafter it will never be doubted that the Senate has power to impeach a judge against whom no indictable offence has been proved. It will be understood, in future, that there are certain things which the Senate will hold to be "misdemeanors" in a judge, sufficient to warrant his removal from office, even if he could not be criminally prosecuted for them.

It is commonly said in Washington that Judge Archbald could not have been impeached ten years ago. The acquittal of Judge Swayne, in 1905, is pointed to as proof that there has been a great change, and that the fear of God has been put into the Senate. We do not think so meanly of that body. The case against Judge Swayne was incomparably weaker than that against Judge Archbald. No doubt some effect must be conceded to the ardent advocates of the recall of judges. Such agitations start upon a mistaken theory and go wide of the mark, yet they sometimes help to bring about indirectly something better than their direct aim. One reason, we heard all along, why we must give to people power to recall their judges is that removal by impeachment is virtually impossible. Senator Owen, in the *Yale Law Journal* for last June, declared that "impeachment is wholly inadequate for practical purposes." Yet within seven months he was voting "guilty" in an impeachment proceeding, the results of which it would be hard to exaggerate "for practical purposes." For it has written large before the country both the high and solemn conception of the judge's duty and the adequate vigor of the remedy for judicial delinquency which our fathers handed down to us.

"This Committee cannot legislate on your fears," Chairman Underwood told one timid manufacturer who spoke of the dangers involved in revising the particular tariff schedule he happens to be interested in. It is a phrase which illumines many a dark corner in the intricate structure of our tariff policy. Protectionism was built up largely on fear, fear of what would happen to our industries if we were not saved from foreign competition. It has been maintained largely on fear, fear for the loss of his job implanted in the workingman, fear for the loss of his prosperity implanted in the business man, fear for the loss of his share of the Government's bounty implanted in the heart of the legislator who would not go into the protective log-rolling and pork-barrel game. And now that the mind of the country is so thoroughly made up as to the necessity of tariff revision, there are still men to bring forward the fear of something terrible that is bound to happen if a sacrilegious hand is laid on the sanctified structure.

Prof. Emory R. Johnson who, as Special Commissioner on Traffic and Tolls for the Panama Canal, is recognized as an authority on the subject, made an address on Wednesday of last week before the Western Society of Engineers at Chicago in which he strongly opposed the exemption of coastwise vessels from tolls. He based his argument purely on commercial grounds. The question of what we are bound to do under the Hay-Pauncefote treaty he left for others to discuss. But taking the matter up exclusively as one of freight-rates and the expense of the Canal upkeep, he contended that the remission of tolls to coastwise ships would be most unwise. At best, according to Professor Johnson's estimates, it will be fifteen or twenty years before the tonnage of all origins using the Canal will be great enough to meet, at the rate of $1.20 a ton, the fixed charges. But if the American coastwise tonnage, expected to cross the Isthmus, now fixed at 1,000,000, and reckoned to be 2,000,000 by 1925, is to be exempt from tolls, there is no chance of anything but a perpetual deficit. Furthermore, Professor Johnson's analysis of the nature of freights by water and rail, and of the charges which either form of traffic will bear, leads him to the conclusion that the exemption of coasting ships will not have the effect, except in a few instances and even then to a very slight degree, of reducing freight rates by the Canal. What Congress has voted not to collect, the shipowners will coolly put in their pockets as a subsidy, and a vicious kind of one at that. Professor Johnson's whole argument is well worth studying, and it should help along the movement to induce Congress to undo its blunder by repeal.

The potentialities of modern methods of business organization are not yet exhausted. Mr. Frank A. Munsey finds in the device of the holding company an instrumentality which can be made as effective in politics as in finance; and, as it is impossible to imagine any interpretation of "restraint of trade" which would bring the formation of a holding

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

party under the prohibitions of the Sherman act, he has not the fear of the law before his eyes when he proposes that Republicans and Progressives pool their issues. Divided, he sees little prospect of power for either of them; united they cannot be, he declares. But why not retain their separate existence in form, while merging with each other in fact? The thing has been done in business, and there is no reason, Mr. Munsey thinks, why it should not be done in politics. "The platforms of the Republican and the Progressive parties," he says, "are in many respects much the same. On economic policies they substantially agree." The Progressive platform is "freer from the slavery of tradition," but the differences between the two are not too great for reconcilement, if the sensible men of both parties but get together and see what can be done. Perhaps Mr. Munsey is right; but one almost wonders why he did not include the Democratic party likewise in the merger, and thus avoid political friction altogether, and the enormous waste attending it. But the Colonel refuses to be merged.

A modest but meritorious amendment of the Constitution of the United States is recommended by Gov. Baldwin of Connecticut. He simply proposes to do away with the device of Presidential Electors, leaving the real mechanism of the choice of President just what it is. This is a reform that certainly ought to be adopted, there being literally no reason whatever against it. The only thing, we imagine, that will stand in the way is the feeling that will be entertained by some that, while we are about it, a greater change should be effected. But to any change that would alter the real basis of the Presidential choice there are extremely serious objections, however strong may be the considerations in its favor; and so it would be a good thing to get this little improvement in mechanism at all events, leaving to the future the question of any deeper change. Gov. Baldwin would have the whole vote of a State—reckoned just as it now is—cast for the Presidential candidate getting a plurality of the votes in that State; so that the only change from the present method would be the elimination of an absolutely useless bit of machinery, the naming of and the voting for Presidential Electors. And while this is absolutely useless, and obviously cumbrous, it does occasionally give rise to trouble on account of technicalities, and also to possibilities of improper deals in unusual situations. In the case of an extremely critical and close election, the institution might prove a source of real danger to a just and peaceful settlement of the result.

As Gov. Harmon left the State House on Monday, he certainly had some things which he can look upon with satisfaction. Since the organization of the Republican party, no Democratic Governor of Ohio except Harmon has ever obtained a reëlection, or turned over the office to another of his own party. Unquestionably, Harmon brought about an improvement in the character of public administration in Ohio. It will be long before the people will again tolerate the lax and dishonest methods which he has exposed and reformed. Considering the nature of the legislators with whom he had to work, the amount of reform legislation which he procured was remarkable. His independence in appointments to office secured in general a high degree of efficiency. On the other hand, there must be charged against him a few appointments and dismissals wholly out of keeping with his general tone. The American Library Association felt itself justified in severe criticism of his removal of the Ohio State Librarian. The place was filled by a man of no qualifications whatever for library work. In an ordinary Administration such lapses would scarcely have been noticed. If Gov. Harmon suffers from them, it is because he himself has set up a high standard.

In the light of the varied comment, in the press and elsewhere, on Mr. George F. Baker's testimony before the Pujo Committee, there are two facts in regard to the concentration of banking capital which need to be kept in mind, especially when proposals for legislation are heard. One is, that this concentration of capital grew up to a large extent automatically, in connection with what may be called the recapitalization of American industry, between 1898 and 1902. Gov. Wilson said, in his speech of acceptance, regarding these financial and industrial confederacies:

> They have come about very naturally, generally without plan or deliberation, rather because there was so much money to be invested and it was in the hands, at great financial centres, of men acquainted with one another and intimately associated in business, than because any one had conceived and was carrying out a plan of general control.

In the main, this description is correct, though it must also be observed that any such process of centralized domination would be bound to inspire, in the minds of those conducting it, the wish to extend its scope. In the railway and industrial fields, a tendency to extend the consolidation process to its utmost limit was plainly visible during the period, after 1899, when the present condition of things financial really had its origin. It would have been strange if a similar tendency had not disclosed itself in connection with the movement of consolidation and centralization in control of New York's banking institutions.

The questions which properly arise, in a situation of that sort, are, first, whether the tendencies observed are wholesome in themselves; next, whether they do or do not embody future possibilities of evil if they continue to prevail and extend; finally, whether or not they are in need of public regulation. Mr. Baker, in his testimony of last Friday, contended that, under present management, such concentration of credit facilities as exists to-day is not unwholesome; but he added that "it had gone about far enough," and that, though in good hands its extension would do no harm, "if it got into bad hands, it would be very bad." This latter possibility he admitted to be not entirely a comfortable situation for the country. We believe that Mr. Baker put his finger on the actual danger-point, and that reform of existing methods is altogether advisable, so far at least as regards the supervision of future banking amalgamations, and, if necessary, a veto on them, by responsible public authorities. This is no new proposal; it was brought to public attention very forcibly but, unhappily, with slight result, during the "Morse bank scandals" of 1907, and a Morse in the banking field on a vastly larger scale than in 1907 is at least conceivable. We were told in 1901 that the huge consolidations of capital in industry would be safe, because, with so great a capitalization, an existing management could never be dislodged, and existing managements were conservative. Yet with-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a year the public was favored with the view of one such management's monstrous financial experiment of turning the Steel Corporation's shares into mortgage bonds, and of another's equally stupid series of exploits, in the making of artificial prices at its own expense by the Amalgamated Copper.

How much more important in the growth of trade are natural causes than dickerings of diplomacy is plain to any one who thinks. Almost any foreign-commerce bulletin of the Bureau of Statistics might serve as an illustration; the one telling of automobile exports is striking. Our exports of automobiles and parts thereof amounted to 30 million dollars in 1912, against 22 million in 1911, 15 million in 1910, and 9 million in 1909. If any such leap had been made by our trade with any part of the world, following upon some political event with which it might be supposed to be connected, what a crowing there would have been over the result! But here we have a gain of 21 million dollars in 1912 over 1909, in a single line of manufacture, and it is set down simply to "the popularity of the American automobile." Already this export of automobiles is greater than the average annual total of all our exports to China for the five years 1907-11, which was 26 million dollars, and does not fall very far short of our average total exports to Japan during the same period, which was 41 million. All this is no reason for neglecting to advance our foreign trade by intelligent measures, but it is a very good reason for objecting to the kind of talk which represents "dollar diplomacy" as a factor of importance in the advancement of national prosperity.

It is a very poor discussion of the cost-of-living problem that does not bristle with statistics; but they are very often statistics that cannot be taken seriously. To the Long Island farmer who complains that he gets fifty cents for a bushel of beans that sells for $4.50 in New York, some one makes the tart reply that the farmer must be a fool, since beans fetch four dollars a bushel at the country store right at his own door. Apples that bring the orchard man $2.50 the barrel are sold in small quantities to the consumer at a price which brings the corner grocer more than thirteen dollars a barrel. President Yoakum, in what should be an authoritative treatment of the subject, speaks of melons which bring the farmer five cents apiece and sell in town for eighty cents. Obviously, there is exaggeration here on both sides. The difference between the producer's and the retailer's prices cannot be so great, if we strike an average for all food commodities, or else there must be some explanation for the enormous difference other than the greed of the middleman. We need a study of commodity prices not by isolated instances, but in a scientifically sufficient number of cases. The investigation need not be exhaustive. But an investigation covering, let us say, a hundred farmers, a hundred retailers, and a few hundred families should furnish a fair basis for intelligent discussion.

Gov. Tener has again spoken out manfully against the Coatesville lynchers. In his annual message he urges that the charter of the borough of Coatesville be revoked for its failure to punish any of the persons implicated in the burning of Walker in August, 1911. The Governor asserts that the "people of this borough, by fomenting murder and consorting with murderers," have forfeited the right to be a separate administrative entity. In this he voices the conscience not only of his own State, but of law-abiding men and women everywhere. This is the proper answer to men of the Blease type. As to dealing with the borough as a whole, the cry will doubtless be raised that this means the punishment of innocent and guilty alike. No such action has yet been taken anywhere. The nearest approach to it is in Ohio, where a law has been passed making it possible to sue civilly a community for damages for a mob murder. In Coatesville there are some good men and women who have dared to withstand the prevailing opinion; but they will be the last to oppose such a measure of discipline as Gov. Tener suggests; they know that to be redeemed the community must expiate its crime in some way.

Frenchmen of recent years have been congratulating themselves on the fact that the country has definitely passed out of the shadow of the famous and unhappy *Affaire*. The resolute spirit of the French people in the succession of severe international crises which they have been compelled to face in the last half-dozen years, has been cited as proof that the rancors and feuds engendered over Dreyfus have ceased to be important in the life of the nation. Yet on the very eve of a Presidential election, the dramatic emergence of one of the principal actors in the Dreyfus affair has brought about the resignation of a Minister, menaces the existence of the Cabinet, and is expected to affect the choice of a successor to M. Fallières. But it would be easy to exaggerate the significance of the reappearance of Col. du Paty de Clam in the public eye. There may still be dynamite enough in the Dreyfus business to make or unmake a Presidential candidate, though even that is doubtful. But it is plain that, whatever effect the incident may exercise, it remains only a temporary bit of underground politics of the kind with which public life in France is rife. The fact remains that there has been an appeasement among Frenchmen. The depths of national feeling can no longer be stirred by the appeal to ancient passions.

The Japanese people, for all their devotion to Bushido and the Emperor, react in a very human way when it comes to a choice between food and glory. When the Saionji Ministry recently made way for a Cabinet headed by Prince Katsura, leader of the Imperialistic party, the issue was one of military expansion. The Jingo element clamored for the increase of the army by two entire divisions and for an accelerated programme of Dreadnought building. Marquis Saionji insisted, on the other hand, that the great need of the country was fiscal reform for the purpose of lightening the heavy burden of taxation under which the Japanese have labored ever since the Russian war. He also advocated the development of public works for the purpose of increasing the productive capacities of the country. With the army element almost solid against him, Saionji found himself helpless and was compelled to resign. Yet it has not taken very long to convince his successor that the country will not submit to an increase in military expenditure. The Japanese taxpayer has his limits of endurance. The play of international politics has so decidedly shifted from the Far East to the Near East that there seems less reason than ever why the country should be called upon for additional sacrifices.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NATIONAL STATE OF MIND.

One thought stood out clearly in Gov. Wilson's Chicago address on Saturday. It is that the great problems with which his Administration will have to deal are as much psychological as political. What are the people thinking, feeling, demanding? That, said Gov. Wilson, "is the hardest nut to crack." It is the national state of mind which, in the long run, will decide what Legislatures and Congresses and Presidents shall do. Hence the duty—though it is far from being the whole duty—of one placed in high administrative position to seek to read true the temper of the nation. As Gov. Wilson said, he will sit in Washington doing his best to preside over the ongoings of government, but the thing that will really determine, let us say, the relations of legislation to business, will be the final attitude of the business men of the country.

These sentiments are, of course, to be found in the commonplace-book of every statesman in a democracy. But the test comes in their application. The skilled interpreter of public sentiment who is also an honest public man, will find on many occasions that the prevalent opinion of the hour is misinformed, sometimes even dangerous. Is he meekly to yield to that, simply because it seems for the time to be a settled conviction? He will surely discover, if he takes his functions conscientiously, that some apparent popular demands have to be, not complied with, but resisted. It seemed possible to Bishop Butler, even in his day, that a whole nation might go suddenly insane. We moderns have far greater facilities for upsetting the nervous equilibrium of the public; and it is more than ever necessary for the genuine statesman, as distinguished from the quack, to be able to tell a temporary craze from a permanent movement.

Another thing which every responsible statesman should write down on his tablets is that a given national state of mind may be genuine, yet be "induced." In politics, too, there is such a thing as hypnotic suggestion. After people have been told for a long time that they think thus and so, and are determined to have one thing or another done, they come half to believe it. They are good "subjects" for political hypnotism. Yet it is not to be forgotten that a rival practitioner may come along and induce an apparent public consciousness very different from the one of a year or even a month before. This is among the dangers of those who assiduously study public opinion as a guide to action. They may be rashly helping to create the power, by playing upon it and feeding it, which they afterwards explain is too strong for them. Any man in public life who is aware how his immediate audience may be swayed by what he says, and then communicate its impulse to wider circles, will guard his words as jealously as the wise man advises those to do who stand in the presence of the king.

It is, confessedly, an enormously difficult task to make out at any one moment the actual temper of the nation. The diagnostician has to divest himself of class feeling. It is not what he thinks, or the circle of his friends, but what the great and dominant mind of the people believes. And there are diverse and even conflicting manifestations to be studied. To do all this, and to arrive at a practically accurate result, is truly a hard nut to crack. Yet we think that Gov. Wilson was substantially correct in the cautious interpretation which he gave at Chicago of the popular desire and intention, as respects certain things. He is surely not mistaken in saying that the people of this country have decided to husband, yet administer, their natural resources. It cannot be a wrong reading of the national purpose which sees in it the doom of monopoly. Nor is Gov. Wilson deceived when he sees in Americans the old thirst for equality of opportunity still unslaked. The full report of the Governor's speech in the Chicago newspapers shows that he placed all these matters in due and orderly connection. He spoke with the fervor of a reformer, yet with the restraint befitting a man who admits that he is feeling his way.

Granting that he rightly read the signs of the times, it does not follow that there must be upheavals in the effort to carry out policies which he indicated. It may be admitted that the sentiment of the country is at present radical. Gov. Wilson evidently believes that it is; Roosevelt is sure of it. They are good doctors. But we believe that it would be an entire mistake for either of them, or for any man, to jump to the conclusion that the national temper is to-day destructive. The country is prosperous, and nobody wants to interfere with the good times. Labor is well employed, the few strikes we have, here and there, being really a sign of prosperity, in the sense that the workers ask for a greater share in the gains of business. No doubt a certain amount of discontent persists; it had been lashed in one way and another to such heights that it could not have been expected to subside entirely. But the best evidence is that it is to-day neither widespread nor violent. The nation wants certain things done. Gov. Wilson is right about that. But it has no such rage that it would, in order to punish some, engulf all in a common ruin.

CONGRESS AND SOCIAL LEGISLATION.

Every year a few bills slip into Congress devoted to pure questions of humanity. They represent an attempt to bring a complex civilization face to face with some of those obligations which have been lost to sight, it may be, in the dust of advancing prosperity. Such bills usually are backed by a lobby of women's clubs, national societies with jaw-breaking names, indicating at once to the practical if not better half the visionary character of their membership, and by other groups of disinterested persons to whose sympathies the neglect of these matters is a challenge they cannot ignore.

Legislators are extremely loath to accept lobbies of this kind at their face value. To those who followed the struggle over the Esch-Hughes "phossy-jaw" bill last session, the most exasperating and disheartening feature of the opposition was the thorough misunderstanding that seemed to exist in the minds of many Congressmen of the purpose of the measure. Several gentlemen appeared constitutionally incapable of grasping the fact that the real and the ostensible purposes of the bill were identical. For above a year they successfully opposed its passage while they hunted in every nook and cranny for the "joker" on which some match manufacturer or phosphorus producer might intend to ride to fortune. They found none, but, faithful to their suspicions, they fought the measure to the end, and the margin by which it finally passed the House was very narrow. In the case of the opposition, last session, to the Children's Bureau bill, one Senator declared from the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

floor that when uplift people and women's clubs got through running Congress, there would not be a shred of the United States Constitution left. Yet the awful conspiracy won, and Miss Julia Lathrop, in her position as first woman chief of a Federal bureau, is attacking on a national scale some of the overlooked problems of childhood.

One other battle was lost. For five years there has been a struggle to enact a reasonable usury law in the District of Columbia. The reformers' bill takes the rather curious form of increasing rather than decreasing the legal rate of interest on small loans. This is in order that reputable capital may compete within the law instead of leaving the field to loan sharks who evade it. The bill finally struggled through the House last session in an amended form which defeats its purpose, and it will presumably be allowed to die. Three important measures of social legislation will be pushed this session. These are: the bill introduced by Mr. La Follette in the Senate and Mr. Peters in the House limiting the hours of labor of women in certain employments in the District to eight a day; the new child-labor bill for the District of Columbia; and the joint resolution calling for an appropriation for a hospital ship for the fishermen of the Grand Banks.

The eight-hour bill for women was drafted under the auspices of the National Consumers' League. It is this kind of legislation which always has met and probably always will meet with strong opposition, not only from those directly interested, but also from people who will not yield to demonstration. Eighty years ago, when Lord Ashley fought fifteen years for a statute limiting the working day of women and children to the ten hours which strong men now think about 30 per cent. longer than is good for themselves, it was opposed as spelling ruin to the manufacturer. History has proved the groundlessness of these terrors, yet opposition of the same kind shows itself in America every time a State attempts to catch up with the England of eighty years ago. The District of Columbia, though non-industrial, in boldly trying to outstrip the England of the thirties, will doubtless have Ashley's battles to fight over again.

The new child-labor bill for the District, introduced by Mr. Cox, who goes from this session to be Governor of Ohio, is another bill of the same character. The prohibition of child labor is, fortunately, not a step of which many of us are ready to question the wisdom any more. The District has now a law full of defective exemptions, permitting, for instance, a youngster of ten to remain out of school to "support" his widowed mother. The Cox bill contains no untested clauses, but all the best provisions of the laws now in force in those States which have come to perceive that there is no wisdom in mortgaging a child's future, in a way to perpetuate poverty, through illiteracy, even unto the third and fourth generations.

The hospital-ship appropriation, which Mr. Gardner of Massachusetts hopes to see voted before the session closes, represents one of our national responsibilities too long overlooked. Every year some seven or eight thousand fishermen sail from American ports for the Banks of Newfoundland, where they spend winter and summer supplying the American market with cod. The occupation is hazardous in the extreme, even more so than coal mining or war. What we have neglected to notice, however, while we admired this hardy race of men as pictured in fiction and poetry, is the large number of totally unnecessary deaths and disabilities, due to the lack of prompt surgical care of the kind which Dr. Grenfell's chain of hospitals give further north on the coast of Labrador. Congressman Gardner has challenged every fish-eater of the nation with his bill, and the matter should not be dropped until the hospital ship is built and equipped and turned over to the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service.

THE EFFICIENCY NOSTRUM.

"Harvard professors and instructors," so went a newspaper story the other day, "are thoughtfully rubbing troubled brows to-day while they ponder over an intricate network of blanks and spaces whereon Assistant Controller Taylor has requested them to record the exact disposition which they make of all time spent in the interests of the university." The Assistant Controller stated that he desired these data for the purpose of using them "as a basis for pro-rating salaries to the various classified functions"; but, after supplying a formidable array of blanks to be filled with this end in view, he wound up with a request for information concerning "Contributory Activities," the giving of which was optional. These activities were to include the number of hours spent on research work carried on personally by the instructor," and certain other things which, like this, "are of a quasi-private nature." The Assistant Controller recognized that the variations in such data due to the personal equation "would make impracticable the direct use of these figures for the purpose of distributing salaries," but nevertheless he was apparently of the opinion that they would be a comfortable thing to have, and so he asked for them. And quite right, too; for the optional of to-day may be the compulsory of to-morrow, and it is well to "get a line" on these professor people, even if you can't pin them down to exact facts and figures.

This news from Harvard seemed a pretty serious matter. There has been a great deal of groping in the dark over the problem of raising the standard of our universities and colleges, and here at last was light. What we had needed all along was some simple and yet profound guiding principle, and this the new move at Harvard was to supply. See that you get your money's worth out of each professor—this is the philosopher's stone, which, firmly and steadily applied, will transmute into gold all the baser metal of our university Faculties. It seemed serious; and then, suddenly, it was turned into bad comedy. President Lowell sent to the members of the Faculty a statement which amounted to something like a repudiation of the inquiry issued in the name of the Assistant Controller of the University. He assured the alarmed professors that "answers were intended to be wholly voluntary," and that "the recent circular was issued under a misunderstanding."

The episode is one that Harvard should be glad to forget, except in so far as it drew out—as it did, though we are not informed to what extent—threats of resignation on the part of men who had a proper conception of the professor's calling. It is humiliating to think that such a protest should have been made necessary at our country's oldest seat of learning; we trust that the feeling of self-respecting professors has been made so manifest as to preclude the possibility of any revival of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the foolish scheme at Harvard in the near future. But this mania for "efficiency" is in the air, and sooner or later it will have to be met at our universities, and squarely faced, and settled.

To be a university professor has hitherto meant, in this country as in all the world, to give to the university yourself—your personality, your talent, your capacity to interest, to instruct, to inspire. Many professors have, to be sure, fallen wofully short of fulfilling this ideal; many have been deficient in ability, many in character. But the one great thing that has made the calling attractive to the best who are in it has been that this was the plane on which it was understood to rest. It offers none of the glittering material rewards of other vocations; it seldom holds forth the allurement of fame. In this country, its dignity has been far below that which belongs to it in Europe, thanks to an exaltation of the idea of management and administration elsewhere unknown; but the recognition of the personal nature of the professor's work, of a distinctively personal measurement of his value, has never been abandoned. It is Agassiz, or Child, or Martin, or Gibbs, or Norton, or Gildersleeve—not so many hours of their labor—that Harvard, or Yale, or Johns Hopkins has had the good fortune to possess; and every faithful and competent professor has a right to feel that the same is true of him in his degree. But how long would that feeling survive under a system which required each professor to make report of every hour that he spent upon his work, and have his pay doled out to him accordingly?

It is easy to accuse those who object to the introduction of this efficiency nostrum of being reactionaries—upholders of the doctrine that whatever is is right. But it is still easier to reply to the accusation. Not because our universities and colleges are all that they ought to be, but because the proposed remedy is crude and barbarous, do we reject that remedy. We ought to have more competent teachers, we ought to have more inspiring leaders of research; but we shall not get them by means of time checks or card catalogues. The American professor is already far more subject to managerial control than his fellow in Germany or France; but it is in America, and not in Germany or France, that the cry of incompetent professors and inefficient instruction is continually heard. What is needed, above all things else, is to make the professorship attractive to superior men—men of originality, men of power, men of enthusiasm. When you have got all your time-card and efficiency-measure mechanism going, you may be able to compel every professor to come up to a certain standard; but you cannot compel the men whom you ought to have as professors to enter the calling. You may get the same amount of "results" out of the Faculties for less money, or a greater amount for the same money, so far as "results" can be measured by your mechanical methods; but what you have lost you will never be able to measure. And what shall it profit the university to have gained countless student-hours and experiment-units and to have lost what is highest and best in it?

FOOD-TAXES.

While our coming tariff struggle is to be partly one to get taxes taken off food, the absorbing fiscal fight in England is to prevent their being put on again. Sir Robert Peel's proud consolation in the wreck of his own party, and in his own fall from leadership, was that he had at least the satisfaction of knowing he had made the bread of workingmen sweeter for being untaxed. For more than fifty years no responsible English statesman ventured to propose a reversal of that policy; but when the Conservatives, under the initiative of Joseph Chamberlain, began to toy with protectionist doctrine, they could not evade the problem of protecting agriculture—that is, of laying a tax on wheat and meat. But, from the day of its first broaching, this has been an issue full of strife and danger for the party. Just at present, it is as a sword thrust into the vitals of the Conservative organization. Its life and its leader are threatened. A meeting of Lancashire Conservatives is to be held within a few days, and if they persist in their resolute opposition to anything in the nature of a food-tax, Mr. Bonar Law announces that he will at once retire from the leadership of the party. Certainly, he could not cling to it with any hope of success. As goes Lancashire, so goes the country, has not become a proverb for nothing.

It is probable that Mr. Law himself is a good deal puzzled at the violent insurrection of formidable elements among his following, in consequence of his recent speech nailing his flag to the mast in the matter of food-duties. He really said nothing which he and other Conservative leaders had not said before. Indeed, he may even have thought that he had found an ingenious way to shelve the issue, for he declared that the Conservatives had no desire to impose food-taxes, and would not do so unless the Colonies demanded it as the only way to set up and round out a system of "preferential trade" within the Empire. The doubt that the Colonies would do this is at least great enough to warrant the hope that the matter might never be forced to a practical conclusion. But Bonar Law linked this with the fatal assertion that the question would not be referred to a vote of the people. He frankly transferred the taxing power over English workingmen to the Colonies. This was, indeed, taxation without representation! No wonder that Lancashire and Yorkshire rose in arms. The Liverpool *Courier*, one of the oldest and stanchest of provincial Conservative newspapers, at once took the position that the plan would never do. And the revolt spread with amazing rapidity, so that the London *Times* soon gave figures to show that six-sevenths of the Conservative members of Parliament were against the policy of their leader. The casting down of party hopes was tremendous. Only two months ago, all the talk was of the Conservatives speedily returning to power. Now there is universal dejection and a feeling that Bonar Law has dished the party's chances.

Yet his speech was ostensibly delivered, and was in fact, in the interest of political honesty. If the party was soon to take office, the country was entitled to know what it proposed to do. And Bonar Law, with that immoderate valor which has so often in him swelled into a fault, bluntly stated his plans. The very fact, no doubt, that the time for action seemed so near at hand was one reason why his words gave so much offence. The leader of a hopeless Opposition may say hazardous things about what he will do in the improbable event of his getting again into power. But when apparently on the eve of taking office, he must be more guarded. And it was partly because Mr. Law, under such circumstances, was sweeping and even

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reckless in his speech, that he is felt to have committed a blunder worse than a crime. At a time when he should have sought to be soothing and conciliatory, he alarmed the whole country and split his party asunder. The fighting man who was to show the Conservatives what they had gained by the retirement of the hair-splitting and too polite Mr. Balfour, has merely got his party into a worse mess than before.

The successive attempts which the English Conservatives have made to pack in cotton the dynamite of food-taxes are both curious and instructive. In 1903, Mr. Chamberlain based the saving of an otherwise doomed Empire upon the taxing of foreign—not Colonial—wheat and meat (not bacon, however). The English consumer was to have it made up to him by remitting to him the taxes on sugar, tea, etc. By 1906, this programme had been changed to include a tax on Colonial food-products, though at a lower rate than on foreign. In the general election of 1910, both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour gave what was, in effect, a personal pledge that the net effect of food-taxes would not increase the cost of living to the working classes. Later Mr. Balfour veered to the doctrine that there would be no tax on Colonial wheat. Afterwards, he gave his famous promise that no food-tax at all would be imposed without a referendum. But in November Lord Lansdowne threw over that promise, and last month Bonar Law distinctly repudiated it.

When such a tortuous course has been necessary in connection with a single issue, the plain man will wonder why the party does not drop the troublesome thing altogether. But it cannot. Once start the protectionist log a-rolling, and every interest will demand a share in the pastime. The agricultural interest is very powerful in the Conservative party, and would never consent to protective taxes on manufactures unless the land should also come in for legislative favors of the kind. And it is this necessity of placating the farmer by taxing the workingman for his benefit that has harried the Conservative leaders for the past ten years, and brought them to their present melancholy plight. Their discomfiture is completed by the fact that English trade, which they have steadily predicted would go to the dogs under free trade, surpassed all records in 1912—especially in that over-sea commerce where England was going to be hopelessly beaten if she did not abandon the outworn shibboleths of Adam Smith and Mill, Cobden and Gladstone.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

The women of America are summoned to a new war of independence. This time it is not against the domestic despot who holds the vote and pays the family bills. The new enemy lives far across the seas, in the Rue de la Paix, the Place Vendôme, and the Avenue de l'Opéra. There the Parisian dressmaker sits and plots his fell designs, which designs are immediately copied by the dressmakers of the rest of the world. It is proper that our own country should be the first to rebel against this ancient tyranny. In the first place, we are, on principle, the enemies of foreign domination. In the second place, we spend more money in the Paris shops than any other nation. In the third place, we are the one nation that can afford to take the chance. For it is inconceivable that American women will ever be badly dressed, whereas if the women of Great Britain or of Germany were to cast off the Gallic yoke, there is a presumption that they might not quite be able to shift for themselves. They need a leader. Thus it is probable that the motto, "See America's milliners first!" may become the slogan of a world-wide movement of emancipation. With America at the head, the nations may press forward to another historic siege of Paris. The conflict will undoubtedly be severe. The Parisians will defend themselves with characteristic gallantry. There will be heavy fighting on the barricades in the Rue St. Honoré and the Champs Elysées. But there should be little doubt of the outcome. The dressmakers of Paris will utter their *dernier cri*, this time of anguish, as the flags of the allies are raised above smoking ruins of chiffon.

Dreams of foreign conquest are, however, somewhat premature. For the present it would be enough if our creators of fashions were to achieve their own independence. In their favor is the fact already cited that American æsthetic ideals have attained perhaps their highest development in the domain of clothes. The extravagance of the American woman has become a commonplace. But putting aside the question of expense, the men of this country are almost as interested in clothes as the women are. Certainly they give more thought to clothes than the men of any other nation, bulk for bulk. It is a sad imputation to bring against a people which loves to think of itself as exceptionally red-blooded and masculine, but the truth must be told that when it comes to clothes the American man is a good deal of a coquette. He demands of his tailor a flare of line and surface, an effect of easy grace, a harmony of coloring which the average European would consider altogether effeminate. We prettify. We strive after the flannelled elegance of Mr. Gibson's broad-shouldered, close-collared, well-creased heroes. Not that there is anything seriously blameworthy in the fact. Foreign visitors are always urging us to strive after beauty. Well, compare that distinguished German visitor's utterly ridiculous shoes with the product of our own factories, or his pinched-in shoulders with the fine military sweep of our own well-padded garments. As a nation we not only dress better than any other nation, but we allow no exceptions. The German professor's inalienable right to be a little more slovenly than the next man is not tolerated. Our college professors dress as well as their neighbors, and it is never easy to tell whether the man next to you teaches Sanscrit or sells automobiles.

Given this universal interest in clothes, and given the enormous extent of our domestic market, there should be no difficulty in evolving a standard of American fashions. As we have seen, the men's tailors in this country, while they may be influenced by the style of the hour in London, strive to adapt that style to what may be called the genius of American clothes. Why should the same privilege be denied the women of America? Why should Longchamps impose its ideas upon Detroit? Longchamps's moral outlook is so different from that of Detroit; and in the last resort, clothes, if they are to be something more than a protection against weather, must express a moral outlook as well as an æsthetic ideal. The present revolt against the domination of Paris is undoubtedly due in large measure to the extreme styles which Paris has latterly been sending us, styles for which the

Reference Collection
Lee College Library
Baytown, Texas
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inspiration apparently has come from the Egyptian dancing girls on the monuments in the Louvre. If the Puritan blood, which must still be current in these United States, revolts against the Bayadere styles, it is a legitimate spiritual manifestation. And there is the modern woman. Surely, she must sometimes grow aware how incongruous it is to demand a broader, freer existence for yourself and at the same time incapacitate yourself for the elementary business of crossing a crowded street by putting a hobble around your feet. Logically, the American woman ought to develop her own ideal of clothes, as our American cities are beginning to develop our own style of architecture.

So much for logic. As a practical problem, we have to face the snobbish instinct which is implanted in the heart of man and woman. Why does Paris impose itself upon the world? Precisely because it is Paris, and not Berlin or New York or Chicago. Develop a distinctive American standard in dress, and the temptation of Paris will be stronger than ever to a powerful minority. Will the majority stand for this form of class distinction? Will it refrain from fourth-rate Parisian imitations, and, by accepting the native standard, mark itself down as provincial?

FRENCH HISTORICAL BOOKS.

PARIS, January 4.

"Philippe II, roi d'Espagne" (H. Champion), by Charles Bratli, is a study of the life and character of its subject with a view to verifying or revising the judgment of history for 300 years. Neither in form nor in substance is it a book of literature. Its author is a Danish investigator, who, for twenty years, has sought throughout Europe, as well as in Spain, to acquire a complete knowledge of the case. Baguenault de Puchesse, of the Institut de France, presents his work to the public with the remark:

> We cannot say that he tries to rehabilitate Philip II completely. If he defends his memory, it is as an examining judge who seeks for proof in the documents of the case, instead of holding by public opinion, which so promptly asserts what it does not know.

M. Bratli has worked out this principle of historical investigation in his book. He has not written out his conclusions in continuous narrative. It is his critical examination of what historians have already said, his documentary and bibliographical references, which make his compendious work indispensable to all who attach other than controversial importance to the truth of history. In a first part he treats at length of the original authors out of Spain, and of modern historians who, similarly out of Spain, have sat in judgment on Philip II; and only then does he take up the history of Philip II in Spanish literature. In a second part he studies directly Spain of the mid-sixteenth century: its interior situation, the infancy of Philip II, his preparation for kingship, and his life as king. The third part will, perhaps, prove most profitable to the general student; for it comprises running notes on the compendious assertions made in the text; documentary appendices; an alphabetic bibliography, and a complete index of names and subjects mentioned in the entire book. While the book should aid in forming an independent opinion, it is not likely to please those who hold the seats of authority.

"Histoire de l'Inquisition en France" (Bloud), by Th. de Cauzons, is another work on an ill-famed culprit of history. This time it is an institution whose very duration through different centuries makes difficult, if not impossible, those clear-cut judgments which delight the general reader of history. The author is a Roman Catholic, already known by his study of the "History of Magic and Sorcery in France." The present (second) volume on the Inquisition indicates a work of considerable extent. Its separate usefulness is great, whatever may prove to be the merit of the work as a whole. Except for the introduction, it is devoted entirely to a systematic exposition of the legal "Procedure of the Inquisition" in France. With his usual competence and grasp of historic evolution, this subject has been treated by Professor Esmein in his "History of Criminal Procedure in France," but from his technical point of view and not in its relations with religious and general history. The part played by "trial by inquisition"—a subject by no means coterminous with the tribunals of the Inquisition—has been treated in this or that detail with considerable completeness by writers on English law, as in the great work on "Evidence," by the American Professor Wigmore. The late president of the French Court of Cassation, M. Tanon, has also given this vital question of procedure its due importance in his "History of the Tribunals of the Inquisition"; but all this has not supplied the need for a work explaining from the official acts the Inquisitorial procedure at each period of the tribunal's existence. Whether the present work is a step forward towards satisfying this need, due criticism must determine. It certainly avoids the error of Molinier, who deliberately began his study at a fixed year without attending to the hundreds of years of previous growth. Our author notes:

> Most singular of all, it is impossible to fix a date for the institution of the procedure of inquisition. . . . The tribunal of this name was created insensibly; and the mode of proceeding which gave the name also implanted itself without our being able to point out how it took birth (page 41).

In the single criticism (in a note, page 166) on the work of Henry Charles Lea, M. de Cauzons, in connection with this necessity of writing history latitudinally—that is, studying facts of the same generation together—makes this remark:

> The mixing up of times and places, which this completest modern historian of the Inquisition is far from having avoided, has two grave inconveniences. First, it renders the reading of the book exceedingly difficult; and next, it falsifies the reader's ideas. . . . In such a way of presenting things, the French may, at will, be a people of brigands or a society of saints. In reality, there were among them both the ones and the others.

M. Bratli says of Lea: "He cites papers and documents from nearly all the archives of Europe, without its being known that he anywhere undertook personal researches"—an insinuation which may have point where persons like Philip II are concerned, but is to no purpose in matters concerning the Inquisition. M. de Cauzons, in fact, uses without question the results of documentary collectors of recent date—Lea, Fredericq, Molinier—while rectifying the meaning of the documents according to the definitions and underlying ideas of their age, where the science of such collectors is not always adequate. It is curious, as he notes, that at the time an inquisitor who was a theologian and lawyer was thought preferable to a canonist. He is also justified, in this field, where "objectivity" is apparently impossible, in demanding that history shall be written by analysis of the documentary facts, and not by a controversial synthesis of them. His own work, at least in the present volume, is controversial defensively—that is, he attempts to show the consistency of the procedure of this tribunal of justice with the ideas of justice which guided consciences through the different ages of its very varying activity.

Every one must acknowledge that M. de Cauzons blinks neither facts nor documents, and this to a degree sufficiently disconcerting to the outsider, who is sure to be on his guard. The establishment of inquisitorial procedure, its sources and sorts, and its application to heresy; the judges and their powers, their auxiliaries and familiars and other officials, and their relations with bishops; the crime they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

judged, the search, examination, and defence of guilty or accused; the use of torture, the sentences and penalties in life, liberty, fortune, and their execution; appeals, commutation, pardons—all are taken up in turn in this inevitably overloaded volume. Two serious criticisms remain to be made. First, there is no index of names, although the notes contain full bibliographical references at the foot of the respective pages. Secondly, the "Avant-propos," or introduction, is written in language that will cause many to close the book without reading further. Yet its eight kinds of Catholics who face the Inquisition and its history, and the "four serious parties hostile to the Church," are all well worth knowing. Why cannot those who explain so fearlessly the religion in which they have confidence use language which outsiders can understand? This criticism, applicable to the majority of religious writers of every stamp, applies scarcely at all to the present book in its main text.

"La Question du Sel pendant la Révolution" (H. Champion), by Otto Karmin, of the University of Geneva, is a documentary and statistical study of one of those economical questions which had so much to do with the popular movement in the French Revolution. In 1783, the eve of the general uprising, Buffon wrote of the *gabelle*, or state monopoly of salt:

> A fiscal law opposes itself to so legitimate a right as that of using what nature offers us with profusion—a law of proscription against man's ease and the health of animals who, like ourselves, should share in the benefits of the common mother, and yet, wanting salt, only half live and multiply; an unhappy law, or rather death sentence against generations to come, a law based only on miscalculation and ignorance, since the free use of a product so necessary to man and all living beings would work far greater good and prove more profitable to the state than all the revenue from prohibition. . . . The *gabelle* does more harm to agriculture than hail and frost.

The history is instructive, for the wages of monopoly and fiscal tariffs is still discontent working popular revolution. The twenty-fourth document, printed at length, is a decree signed by Roland and Danton in 1792, "the fourth year of liberty," inflicting a minimum on those who bid at the sales of "national salt and tobacco, on account of the considerable losses of the public treasury at such sales—the result of a coalition of several citizens who combined not to bid; wherefore the National Assembly, wishing to put a prompt end to such a disorder, decrees urgency in the matter!"

"1871—la Commune à Paris et en province" (Taillandier), by Lieut.-Col. Rousset, is a clear and complete narrative of the bloody weeks of the Paris Commune from its outbreak in February until it was wiped out in May. It cannot be called a complete history, for the history of those weeks and the men who played a part in them is as difficult to write as that of Philip II or the Inquisition or the Ferrer riots of three years ago. There is no better history, however, yet written for the general reader, since the events are related in soldierly order as they occurred, and to the actors in them is given their proper place. While the author recognizes the siege fever which left Parisian public opinion all but delirious, he does not, perhaps, insist enough on the uncertain position of what was called the National Government under Thiers. It was a Government still laboring under the doubtful legitimacy of the half-dozen lawyer politicians, who, as one of them said, had picked up authority where they found it lying—in the street—after they had driven out the only organized authority left from Sedan. He does insist on the carrying over of popular hatred of the Empire to the supposedly Monarchist National Assembly; and we see sufficiently the essential work done by agitators, without whom, as Dr. Le Bon has lately shown us, revolution is impossible. All this is needed to explain the action of such men as Clemenceau, Méline, Tirard, Ranc, during the early days of the Commune. It is not the same for those who persevered, like Paschal Grousset and Vaillant, and lived to be amnestied and sit in the present Parliament; it is difficult to absolve these from responsibility in the bloody massacres ordered by their associates.

Besides the memoirs of escaped Communists, there are other valuable histories of the movement, like that of Edmond Lepelletier; but they linger over their sympathies or excuses for persons and views, and these do not properly constitute history. It is one thing that civil war was engaged in by some whose motives are still the admiration of many; it is another thing that civil war once engaged had to be fought out to the bitter end. But to condone wanton massacre, because we share the slaughterers' hatred of the victims, or to condemn bloody repression, because the authority exercising it does not please us, is consistent neither with the truth of history nor with justice or fair play. No history of the facts of the Commune can satisfy those who have taken the fashion of sympathizing with it. At the time the Freemasons of Paris tried to adopt it in their rôle as schoolmastering Jacobins; but their pupils proved unmanageable, and the Grand Orient closed its doors, waiting for a more biddable Republic.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In *Notes and Queries*, 1883, Sixth Series, Vol. VII, pages 406-7, Mr. Austin Dobson inquired concerning a pamphlet advertised as follows: "An Answer to one Part of an infamous Libel reflecting on Captain *Vinegar*, and the late worthy *Jonathan Wild*, &c. By *Hercules Vinegar*, of *Hockley in the Hole*, Esq.; pr. 6*d*. [July, 1731.]" Mr. Dobson remarked that the advertisement "is extremely tantalizing, as it suggests that there was a 'Hercules Vinegar' interested in the famous thief-taker long before Fielding assumed the part of the Captain in the *Champion* of 1739-40, or published in 1743 the 'History of the Life of the Late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great.'" Apparently no reply to Mr. Dobson's query has been offered. I have looked in vain for a copy of the pamphlet.

Further importance is given to the piece by the matter of an article of mine shortly to appear in the Cambridge *Modern Language Review*. There I shall show that "Captain Hercules Vinegar" was the name or the alias of a prize-ring champion or an entertainer at ring exhibitions, well known in London in 1731, and advertised in the newspapers regularly in a broadly jesting tone; and that, by adoption of the name and occupation of Vinegar, Fielding assumed at the outset and repeatedly sustained in the *Champion* a farcical association that is odd in face of the fact that many of his papers were written very seriously and were intended to be taken seriously.

In the *Grub-Street Journal* of July 29, 1731, under "Books and Pamphlets published since our last," is the notice: "24. An Answer to one part of an infamous Libel, reflecting on Capt. Vinegar, and the late worthy Jonathan Wilde, &c. by Hercules Vinegar of Hockley in the hole, Esq; Price 6d." The pamphlet is announced in the *Gentleman's Magazine* Register of Books of July, 1731. In the *Daily Post* of Saturday, July 24, 1731, col. 4, is the following notice hitherto not reprinted:

> This Day is publish'd, An Answer to one Part of a late infamous LIBEL, reflecting on Captain Vinegar and the late worthy Jonathan Wilde. In a Letter to Mr. James F-gg [Figg], the supposed Author thereof. In which Letter the Character and Conduct of the Gentleman, alias Captain Hercules Vinegar, are fully vindicated. By Hercules Vinegar of Hockley in the Hole, Esq.; Sold by A. Dodd at the Peacock without Temple-Bar. Pr. 6d.

I venture to suggest that possibly this pamphlet was a parody on a political pamphlet that was much to the fore at this date. Early in 1731 Pulteney and his opponents carried on a controversy following a pamphlet, "Sedition and Defamation Displayed. . . ." Later, on May 22, 1731, the *Craftsman* printed an article by Bolingbroke (see Dict. Nat. Biog. *s. v.* Pulteney) that aroused a considerable pamphlet war. There appeared a reply, "Remarks on the *Craftsman's* Vindication of his Two Honourable Patrons in his Paper of May 22, 1731." The two patrons were Pulteney and Bolingbroke (see Coxe, "Memoirs of Walpole," 1800, I, 166). This was followed by Pulteney's (see Dict. Nat. Biog. *s. v.* Pulteney) "An Answer to one Part of a Late Infamous Libel intitled Remarks on the *Craftsman's* Vindication of his Two Honourable Patrons, in which the Character and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conduct of Mr. P. is fully vindicated"; by "A Final Answer to the remarks on the *Craftsman's* Vindication and to all the Libels which have come or may come from the same Quarter against the Person, last mentioned in the *Craftsman* of the 22 of May, 1731"; and by "Observations on a Pamphlet intitled An Answer to one Part of a late infamous Libel, etc." Copies of these pamphlets are in the Yale University Library.

The Vinegar pamphlet was actually published not later than July 24 (see advertisements quoted above). The *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1731, page 272, lists Pulteney's "An Answer . . ." as published June 19; "A Final Answer. . . ." June 23; "Observations on a Pamphlet intitled 'An Answer. . . .'" June 27. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of July, 1731, page 277, shows Walsingham in *The Free Briton* of July 1 attacking "An Answer. . . ." as by Pulteney; and at pages 286-7 shows that at the end of the second week of July the Grand Jury brought an indictment against various political libels, among which Pulteney's "An Answer . . ." is dealt with as the most offensive. According to the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1731, p. 307), as a result of this indictment, Walker, Rayner, Lynn, and Slow were arrested on July 7 for publishing "Robin's Game," and on July 12 Francklin, printer of the *Craftsman*, appeared for trial for printing the *Craftsman* of January 9 indicted by the Grand Jury. In the *Daily Post* of July 28 is noticed the fact that on Monday, the 26th, Francklin was brought up by *habeas corpus* proceedings to be bailed after arrest for printing and publishing Pulteney's "An Answer . . ." (see also on this Dict. Nat. Biog. *s. v.* Pulteney, p. 30, col. 2, and Coxe, *op. cit.* I, 169-70). Further, in the *Daily Journal* of July 29, the date of the *Grub-Street Journal* that notices the appearance of the Vinegar pamphlet (see above), appears: "Just Published, [Price Six-Pence], A Letter to Mr. P. in which the Controversy betwixt the Friends of the present Administration and him is fairly stated; occasioned by a Pamphlet, call'd, An Answer to one Part of a late infamous Libel, intitled, Remarks on the *Craftsman's* Vindication of his two Honorable Patrons, etc. . . ." This all shows that the Vinegar pamphlet followed Pulteney's "An Answer . . ." and (as reading of the abstracts from the periodicals in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July will confirm) that it appeared in the heat of the political controversy, while Pulteney's pamphlet was very prominent in the public eye.

In 1731 few if any would be concerned seriously to deal with a vindication of the rogue Jonathan Wild, hanged at Tyburn in 1725. When we read again the full title of Pulteney's "An Answer . . .," quoted above, and the full title of the Vinegar pamphlet in the *Daily Post* of July 24, quoted above, we are struck with the similarity of their phrasing. It looks as if the parallel of phrasing and the occurrence of the names of Vinegar and Wild parallel with the occurrence of the *Craftsman's* "Two Honourable Patrons," were adopted for the purpose of parody by some one (probably on the Ministerial side) who was following in the steps of Gay in his "Newgate opera," the "Beggars' Opera," and who substituted for the political heroes in the controversy the Hockley-in-the-Hole heroes Vinegar and Wild and the man Vinegar's actual "patron," James Figg, the prize-ring champion and promoter. At the date of the Vinegar pamphlet every one who read the newspapers must have associated jesting and the mock-heroic with appearance of Vinegar's name. The coupling of his name with that of the still celebrated Wild, is what a parodist might readily adopt. I remind of the use of Hercules Vinegar's name as pseudonym by the authors of the 1742 pieces against Pope, "The Cudgel: or a Crab-tree Lecture" and "Blast upon Blast, and Lick for Lick" (see list of books in the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the *London Magazine* for August, 1742, and British Museum Catalogue, 1890). It is of interest here that in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1731, page 495, are six quatrains, "The Prize-fighters. A Simile," in which the Ministerial writer, Osborne, and Caleb D'Anvers of the *Craftsman* (both fierce contestants in the strife of the year) are, in their fiery defiances and threats of each other and in their actual sole aim of pecuniary gain, likened to the prize-ring champions (especially Sutton) who issue their "weekly bills From *Figg's* or *Stokes's* room."

JOHN EDWIN WELLS.

Correspondence

MAN THE PARADOX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The astonishment referred to in your editorial of August 22, touching the work of the late Dr. Howard Furness, is interesting not only in itself, but also as a phase of the inexplicable human paradox.

It is indeed, as you say, "an astonishing thing that more of those who are blessed with independence and who seek after pleasure in a kind of bewildered ignorance of their needs do not see the joy of an intellectual purpose steadily followed year after year, binding day to day in orderly interest, and leaving no approach to the ravaging attacks of ennui"; and, one might add, less approach to the ravages of misfortune.

But why are we astonished at this very familiar phenomenon? The explanation is found in the fact that the cause of the astonishment is not in the conduct of man, but in his constitution—not in his conduct in thus following his own dominant desires, but in the inexplicable and preposterous conduct of nature in thus enslaving him to such undesirable desires, endowing him with lofty and noble faculties and at the same time carefully rendering those faculties abortive by so constituting and environing him that he shall always lack either the opportunity or the inclination to cultivate or use them. It is as though man's higher faculties were given him in jest or in derision. From long familiarity with this fact, we have ceased to be astonished at anything that man does, but we are so constituted that we can never cease to be astonished at what he is.

We are unable to rid ourselves of the primal intuitive impression that the world is the product of intelligence, and that therefore the life of man must be ordered according to some intelligible plan and purpose; but, being wholly unable to discover any design that will square with the facts of man's existence and performances, we are in perpetual astonishment at the seemingly aimless and senseless prodigality of nature in furnishing him with a nature so inharmonious and so grotesquely out of keeping with what he is destined to accomplish.

Observation constantly reminds us that not one person in a thousand realizes a tithe of the possibilities of his higher faculties or has any real desire to do so; that, although equipped in some ways for a far higher destiny, man's grosser appetites so preponderate that he almost invariably spends his life ministering to his lower, rather than his higher, nature; that, indeed, the vast majority of mankind are so environed by nature that they have no opportunity to cultivate their higher faculties, because the struggle for mere existence absorbs all their energies. Even when this is not so, when the few fortunate ones are relieved from this struggle by material prosperity, or, as you put it, "become blessed with independence," nature has so ordained that the very blessings which give this independence shall breed in their possessors indolence, love of luxury, and a new supply of lower appetites, which forestall the use of the higher faculty. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, our optimistic expectation still persists, and in extremely rare cases, such as that of Dr. Furness, the expectation is realized. In the wise use which he made of his opportunities, he did just what we obstinately expect everybody to do, and know very well that they will not do.

Implanted as they are in a nature filled with hostile elements, the higher faculties, when they survive, usually render their possessor the storm-centre of a thousand conflicting desires, by which he is drawn hither and thither in endless vacillation and inconsequence. Unable to free himself from this internal conflict, he goes on:

Forever tortured by the unquiet breast,
Which neither deadens into rest
Nor ever feels the fiery glow
That whirls the spirit from itself away,
But fluctuates to and fro:
Never by wisdom quite possessed
And never quite benumbed by the world's sway.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, December 30, 1912.

THE ETHICS OF NEWS-SUPPRESSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The nation-wide publicity that was given to the cry, "To hell with the Constitution!" shouted by Gov. Blease at the recent Governors' convention in Richmond, is a forceful reminder of what I believe to be a deplorable situation with our American press. This instance is bad enough, but it is hardly typical of what comes to us on every hand every day. Must everything be published? May not our newspapers give us something besides stories of crime or scandal, or cease to flaunt in our faces glaring accounts of sham derringdo? Indeed, it seems to me that our press is fast becoming no more than an open sewer contaminating our very atmosphere with its airing of putrid "news," which should be allowed to flow underground to the sea of quick oblivion.

But the newspaper man must have "a nose

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for news"; even your "cub reporter" will tell you that. Speak to him about the suppression of any type of news, and he is righteously indignant. And many of our increasing number of text-books on journalism emphasize the necessity of the "news instinct." But what they and the press in general need to emphasize above everything else is a discriminating news instinct; an instinct that will not only ignore a type of news that the public does not want, but a type of news that the public ought not to have. Now the "public" is a hard thing to define; but some one has well said that it is only a big baby. And because this big baby will devour unwholesome news, swill-tainted fiction, and gaze at indecent picture shows or vaudeville, is no reason whatever that it should be aided in doing so, especially by a power which ought to be a leader of thought and a bearer of light in our national life.

And not until our newspapers realize this fact and cease to tell us in flaring headlines of the fourth or fifth marriage of Lillian Russell; of foolish, notoriety-seeking suffragettes who make a record-breaking walk of fully one hundred and twenty-five miles, or of a Governor who desired exactly the kind of advertisement he got—only then will they regain in a measure the respect of intelligent people. And more especially, not until they reduce to a minimum accounts of ingenious and suggestive crime, will they cease to serve an immoral purpose with the weaker and criminally inclined elements of our population. For crime is not made odious by constant exposure, but it is made to appear common; and whatever seems common is bound to be regarded with little aversion, or even welcomed as a solution of difficulty.

And, finally, I believe that the press, like politics and the stage, must find its reformation in the young men of our colleges. Why should not our collegiate schools of journalism teach our young men of courage to give a wide reading public not those things which will appeal to or remind men of their baser natures, or urge them to cheap notoriety, but mainly those things that are honest and of good report?

CHAS. V. STANSELL.

Ottawa University, Ottawa, Kan., January 1.

SHAKESPEARE AND HERBERT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your number for December 5, Miss Charlotte Porter calls attention to two passages in Rowland Whyte's letters which she thinks have been overlooked. The first passage was, however, taken account of by Mr. Tyler, and an allusion to it may be found in a foot-note in his volume on Shakespeare's Sonnets; unfortunately, I write under conditions that make it impossible for me to give the exact reference.

The passage appears to Miss Porter to give evidence that young Herbert was sent off to Leiden instead of coming to London, and that therefore "an intimate friendship between Shakespeare and Herbert can no longer be assumed to occur until the middle of 1599." Tyler, however, thought *Leiden* to be merely an error for *London*—with some show of reason, if I remember correctly. Evidently the matter needs further sifting. If Miss Porter's conjecture is right, Tyler's theory of the composition of the "Sonnets" will require material modification. We should have a swift succession of the events of Shakespeare's friendship and its wreck in the latter half of that year in which Jaggard got hold of two of the later sonnets and printed them in "The Passionate Pilgrim," and there would be no provision for the sonnets of which Meres made earlier mention. I have neither inclination nor facilities to discuss this further, but if there is a single conclusive bit of evidence in this perennially baffling mystery, we want to know it.

A. G. NEWCOMER.

New York, January 3.

DRYDEN ON FANCY AND IMAGINATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The passage from Dryden cited by B. S. M., in the *Nation* of December 19, as an example of an early attempt at distinguishing between fancy and imagination, is interesting in a way, but there is nothing in it to suggest the distinction hinted at in Beattie's "Dissertations," a passage from which I cited in my letter of November 28. Dryden is trying to define wit, and makes it virtually synonymous with the faculty of imagination, the product of which, or *wit written*, includes, he says, three things: invention, fancy, and elocution or expression. The sole point of the distinction between the two terms here is that *imagination* is used to indicate the activity of the faculty in its widest range, *fancy* to denominate the same activity within narrower limits. There is no suggestion of two faculties, nor even of two phases of the same faculty. The term *fancy* retains its common meaning, and is obviously used to avoid the awkwardness involved in employing the term *imagination* in two senses in the same sentence. Ordinarily, as for instance in the first passage cited by B. S. M., Dryden uses fancy and imagination as equivalent terms, though he uses the former rather more frequently than the latter. In the following passage from the preface to "An Evening's Love" (1671), fancy is used in somewhat the same general sense as in the preface to "Annus Mirabilis":

> The forming it [the story of the play] into acts and scenes, disposing of actions and passions into their proper places, and beautifying both with descriptions, similitudes, and propriety of language, is the principal employment of the poet; as being the largest field of fancy, which is the principal quality required in him. . . . Judgment, indeed, is necessary in him; but 'tis fancy that gives the life-touches, and the secret graces to it; especially in serious plays.

EDWARD FULTON.

Urbana, Ill., January 6.

THE CABINET IN CONGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of President Taft's suggestion that Cabinet officers should be granted the right to appear in Congress, the following bit of history, as giving an early indication of President-elect Wilson's sympathy with that administrative theory, may be of general interest. When Wilson was a student and fellow at the Johns Hopkins University, he organized a debating society for training the students in the department of history. He organized it in the form of a legislative body, and, passing over the Congressional order, he chose the norm of the English House of Commons, as "representing the most perfect example of a legislative body extant." This expression of his judgment may have more than academic value.

OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

Baltimore, January 8.

Literature

CRISPI'S MEMOIRS.

Francesco Crispi: I Mille (da Documenti dell' Archivio Crispi). Milan: Treves. 1911.

Francesco Crispi: Politica Estera. Memorie e Documenti raccolti e ordinati da T. Palamenghi-Crispi. Milan: Treves: 1912.

The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi. Translated by Mary Pritchard-Agnetti from the Documents Collected and Edited by Thomas Palamenghi-Crispi. Vol. I: Exile—The Thousand. Vol. II: The Triple Alliance. New York: Geo. H. Doran Co. $7 net.

These two volumes contain some important and much interesting material. The interest, for the person who has been behind the scenes in recent Italian history, lies often not so much in the facts stated in the documents as in the dexterity with which the editor has picked and arranged those documents so as to exhibit a white-washed Crispi. The nephew-editor is simply the latest of several apologists who have been working to transmute apology into panegyric. They have undertaken an impossible task, and that they have an inkling of this fact appears on one side from the character of the material which they suppress, and, on the other, from the growing effrontery of their statements. Having reached the stage where "Claim everything!" is their watchword, they exalt Crispi as the colossus of the Risorgimento, beside whom Garibaldi and Mazzini were but heroes in 18mo, Victor Emanuel a mediocre figurehead, Cavour a very negligible quantity, while Manin, Farini, Minghetti, and Ricasoli—to mention no others—were beneath mention. In a world which has always reasons enough for being grave if not down-hearted, the unconscious humorists who stir unexpected laughter deserve our thanks. Of such is T. Palamenghi-Crispi.

The career of Francesco Crispi falls into two periods of almost equal length, but of conflicting contents. Born in 1819, he was a conspirator and exile until the autumn of 1860, when the Two Sicilies were united to Italy. Elected to the Italian Parliament in 1861, he filled a conspicuous place thenceforth until his second and final expulsion from the premiership in 1896. The last five years

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his life he spent in retirement, execrated by all classes of Italians for having brought upon Italy the Abyssinian disaster, not to speak of the shame of the bank scandals which he had tacitly allowed to go on, or of the general corruption in public life which flourished under his ascendency, or of the social and industrial revolt which, hardly suppressed during his régime, he left as a legacy to his successors.

It being the editor's purpose to present Crispi under only the most favorable light, he masses his material in the first volume on the Sicilian Expedition, in which Crispi's talents as a conspirator culminated. We could wish that the information about the ten years' exile were more detailed. Little is added to what was already known. Crispi's relations with Mazzini, for instance, which really determined the younger man's policy, are only sketched. That Crispi, while accepting Mazzini's gospel of unity under a republic, refused to be a blind disciple, is the only important fact revealed—and that could be inferred long ago. Vital matters, on the other hand, remain sealed.

Thus, after the fatuous Mazzinian attempt at Milan, in 1853, the Piedmontese Government expelled Crispi, to whom it had given asylum for above three years. Crispi complained of unjust treatment, on the ground that it could not be proved that he was plotting; but by the showing of the expurgated documents here printed, he never ceased plotting. He was not, indeed, directly implicated in the Milanese fiasco, because he regarded it as too hazardous, and so kept out of it. But he knew of it.

Failure to convict was, in his reckoning, equivalent to a certificate of innocence. Di Rudio, one of Orsini's accomplices in the attempted assassination of Napoleon III, declared that Crispi, then a refugee in Paris, threw the third bomb. The Paris police evidently suspected him, for they arrested him at once and only released him for lack of proof. A year later, he was journeying through Sicily, teaching the conspirators there how to make and use Orsini bombs: for he had then neither moral nor sentimental scruples against political assassination—or tyrannicide, as he would have called it. But his nephew discreetly passes this matter over in silence. He lets us infer throughout that Crispi was a high-minded, unselfish patriot, who despised the ordinary methods of conspiracy—a James Otis or John Adams—instead of the actual Sicilian incendiary of history.

In the account of the Sicilian Expedition, which fills two-thirds of this volume, we can but admire the skill with which the nephew-editor constantly clears the stage in order to leave only his uncle in view. We forget at times that that epic adventure was not exclusively a Crispian achievement, so artfully are Garibaldi, Medici, Bixio, and Bertani thrust into the background, or reduced to the rôles of walking gentlemen. Historically, the relative proportions are not quite exact.

We look in vain for fresh light on the spurious telegram by which Crispi prevailed on Garibaldi to sail with the Thousand; but we find much inedited material for the period from May to October, 1860, when Crispi was indisputably Garibaldi's political mentor, exercising over the liberator an influence almost hypnotic. From behind the shelter of Garibaldi's power he could at last display with impunity the domineering qualities which he had hitherto been forced to curb.

Crispi's conduct had three motive springs: the maintenance of his personal ascendency, the assertion of Sicily's superior claims, and the promotion of the control of the movement by the Party of Revolution up to the latest possible moment. He brooked no rival; he listened to no suggestions. When the other members of the Sicilian Cabinet, incensed by his arrogance, threatened to resign, Garibaldi found it wiser to remove him from the Cabinet to the post of private secretary, a post in which Crispi could act as he pleased, unrestrained by law or public opinion, so long as he retained the Dictator's support.

The nephew-editor presents the material bearing on these critical months in such a way as to make it appear that Crispi alone had the statesman's knowledge; that those who differed from him or opposed him were traitors; and that even Garibaldi's contagious patriotism needed to be guided by the private secretary in order to be effective. The great question of the annexation of Sicily to Victor Emanuel's Kingdom appears as if it had only one side—Crispi's. The expulsion of La Farina, the hectoring of Depretis and of Pallavicino, are set forth as the shining acts of an incorruptible patriot. You would suppose that Crispi was George Washington and that they were Benedict Arnolds. In fact, however, La Farina and Pallavicino had already achieved far more than Crispi for Italian independence; and Crispi's assault on La Farina had personal vindictiveness rather than patriotism behind it. For politicians to identify their private hatred with patriotic righteous wrath is, of course, a common spectacle.

But the deeper criticism of the action of Crispi and his fellow fire-eaters does not concern the rightness or the wrongness of immediate annexation: it concerns the spirit in which they acted. If Garibaldi succeeded in his adventure, the Two Sicilies, or certainly Sicily, would become a part of United Italy. A patriot, therefore, would have done nothing to stir up sectional animosity, which would inevitably react as a blight on the union. Crispi, on the contrary, did his utmost to enrage the Sicilians against the North Italians, and where discords had not already sprung up he planted them. He bade the Sicilians to beware of Victor Emanuel and Cavour, whose purpose, he insinuated, was not to free Italy, but to Piedmontize her. They worked, he declared, for dynastic, not patriotic, aggrandizement, being the tools of Napoleon III, to whom they would turn Italy over at the first opportunity. The Sicilians must refuse to join the Kingdom of Italy except on their own terms. This was Crispi's idea of the best way to promote durable concord among a people whom envenomed sectionalism had kept asunder for centuries. His defenders may say that his opponents also indulged in vituperation and calumny, but this does not excuse him. Neither the Northern nor the Southern revilers during the Civil War could sweep Lincoln from action which should make reunion easy, "with malice towards none, with charity for all."

If the editor of these memoirs had not taken *nil nisi optimum* for his motto, he would at least have allowed us to infer the savage quality of Crispi's methods as well as the sinister effect which such a stimulation of sectional passions had on the subsequent welding of Italy into a united nation. Crispi's purpose during the summer is sufficiently expressed in the following sentence from a letter he wrote on July 9 to a fellow-revolutionist, Luigi Orlando (Italics are ours): "Let us all work together *in the cause of the Revolution, and the Revolution will be crowned with victory*" (I, 331).

But Crispi was too much of a realist in politics not to respect the accomplished fact. In his early days he had clung over-long to his Sicilianism; then he had clung to Mazzini's republic-or-nothing doctrine after the majority of the republicans had turned, under Manin's guidance, to Piedmont; he had even signed a protest against the Piedmontese alliance with France in 1859—that alliance which immediately freed Lombardy, Emilia, and Tuscany, and paved the way for the Sicilian Expedition itself. But after the annexation of the Two Sicilies had proved that the Italian monarchy was stronger than the Revolution, Crispi saw a new light.

Elected to Parliament as a Radical, in 1861, he soon realized that the Mazzinian creed was out-of-date. "The Monarchy unites us; the Republic would divide us," was his famous reply to Mazzini's reproach. Nevertheless, Crispi was an unwilling convert, and he did not refrain from relentless attacks on the Government, which caused confusion and bitterness at home and often endangered Italy's relations abroad. The death of Cavour in June, 1861, proved even more injurious to Italian recon-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struction than Lincoln's death proved to American Reconstruction; and during more than a decade, when patriotism and common-sense alike called for a spirit of mutual trust, conciliation, and compromise, Crispi was easily first as a sower of rancor. He surpassed Thaddeus Stevens—our eminent Reconstructionist—in partisan intolerance; he outdid Benjamin F. Butler in cunning vindictiveness. He upheld the fatuous Garibaldian enterprises which collapsed at Aspromonte and Mentana. Secure in his Deputy's seat, he filled to perfection the rôle of parliamentary privateer.

This rôle, which is a favorite one among the politicians of Continental Europe, often gives to its player a factitious importance. He need have no fixed principles; but he must have pertinacity, combativeness, a dogged indifference to consistency and to scruples. If he lacks the rapier of sarcasm, he will be quite as well served by the bludgeon of abuse. Even courage, which seems at first an indispensable quality, may turn out, on closer examination, to be either obtuseness or effrontery.

It was by playing this rôle for some fifteen years that Crispi came to take rank as the most formidable of Italian public men. He could unmake reputations and Ministries, though he could make none: and he availed himself to the full of the outsider's privilege of condemning captiously the party in power, and of demanding changes and concessions which he well knew neither himself nor any one else could bring to pass.

The nephew-editor glides over this long period, without a knowledge of which we cannot understand the fierce antipathies which largely determined the rest of Crispi's career, in order to introduce him, in 1877, as visiting Berlin, Paris, London, and Vienna, on the secret diplomatic mission out of which issued, we are led to assume, the Triple Alliance several years later. Crispi returned to Rome, believing that he had not only made a deep impression on Bismarck, but also penetrated his secrets and procured his support. How mistaken Crispi was appeared in 1881, when Bismarck consented to the seizure of Tunis by France—a consent which wounded Italy's pride and roused her enmity against the French, while, by requiring a large addition to the French army in Africa, it lessened the power of France to attack Germany. Bismarck was, in fact, not quite so simple as Crispi and his nephew suppose.

For ten momentous weeks, at the beginning of 1878, Crispi was Minister of the Interior, rendering energetic service in upholding Italy's prestige after the death of Pius IX. But almost immediately thereafter he was literally hurled from office on a charge of bigamy. In the law-suit which followed, it was shown that in 1853 he had been *religiously* married to the washerwoman's daughter whom for twenty-five years he acknowledged as his wife; but he escaped by the quibble that there had been no *civil* marriage. We cannot go into the scandalous transaction here; but we ask why the nephew gives no hint of it? The biographer of a public man is not required to burrow into the private affairs of his subject; but, when what was private becomes a matter of great public concern, the biographer who hushes or evades it is guilty of rank dishonesty. Any record of Parnell without a statement of the Kitty O'Shea scandal, which wrecked Parnell and the Home Rule cause, would be laughed at. Crispi's nephew is well aware that the suppression of truth is often the most effective way of deceiving: nor can he escape by protesting that he deals only with foreign policy; because he devotes a large part of this volume to arguing that Italy's foreign policy would have been very different if Crispi had been in office. The trial for bigamy was the prime reason which kept Crispi out of office for nine years.

But while Crispi had no Ministerial responsibility during these years, he exerted greater or less influence. He approved of the Triple Alliance, forgetting that he had formerly berated the leaders of the Right as traitors for their subservience to France. How the upholders of subservience to Germany, of which the Triple Alliance was the sign, were to be regarded not as traitors, but as patriots, is not explained: and the nephew-editor seems not to perceive that since 1882 the Triple Alliance has served chiefly to protect Italy against her allies, Germany and Austria; for she has never been in serious danger, despite Crispi's tremors in 1889, of an attack from France.

Much of the material referring to foreign politics during Crispi's long eclipse is interesting: but we do not accept his own assurances that, if he had been in office, he would not have made this or that blunder, because we remember that from 1887 to 1896, when he was Prime Minister most of the time, he showed himself only too fallible and plunged Italy into the worst calamity in her history as a nation. It is easy for Crispi to declare that, if he had been listened to, France would not have got Tunis in 1881, or that Italy would have joined England and France in Egypt in 1882: such declarations sound to the historian too much like the excuse of the sportsman who would have shot a stag if his gun had been loaded. Perhaps Crispi deceived himself as to the real influence produced by his interviews and diplomatic correspondence. The Prime Ministers of Europe could not help listening to so aggressive a colleague; they said graciously that Italy's interests must be promoted; and then they followed their own devices.

The nephew-editor collects much evidence in regard to the commercial rupture with France, which led to strained political relations. The first break occurred when Crispi was out of office, but while he protests in the documents here printed that he had no ill-will towards France, he gave free rein to the Gallophobia which he inherited from his Mazzinian days. The tariff war caused Italy immense damage, from which she did not recover until after Crispi's death, and it no doubt inflamed the conditions which led up to the riots in 1898. Crispi himself was in so fevered a state that in 1889, believing that France was about to attack Italy, he placed the Italian army and navy on a war footing, and, not daring to trust even a ciphered telegram, he hurried off a trusty messenger to Bismarck for help. Bismarck, better informed and clearer-sighted, calmed the ex-conspirator by assuring him that France would not commit suicide in that way just then.

So in regard to many other projects which Crispi's restless mind agitated: we search this book in vain for proof of his lasting influence on international politics. Only in his dealings with the Vatican was he uniformly decisive. In 1889, when Leo XIII's reactionary advisers gave out that he could tolerate no longer his "imprisonment" and must seek an asylum outside of Italy, Crispi sent word to the Pope that, if he went, he should be escorted with royal honors, but that neither he nor his successors should ever return. Cardinal Hohenlohe, who conveyed the message, added that, as the Almighty had decreed that the Temporal Power could never be recovered, the Catholic hierarchy ought thenceforth to devote themselves to the salvation of souls instead of to worldly schemes. When Hohenlohe's letter reached the Pope, despite the efforts of his entourage to isolate him from all but their influence, he abandoned the "farce of the departure"; and it has never since been seriously considered.

Jingoism lay at the bottom of Crispi's notoriety—Jingoism preached and promoted by a man of ruthless personal temperament, whom even his supporters submitted to rather than respected or loved. So far as he instilled into the Italians a spirit of self-reliance, and of patriotism, he did well; but, unfortunately, he taught them to mistake swagger for dignity and to put their trust in the external trappings of a Great Power. For all his truculence, he had no moral courage. So, although he had earlier denounced standing armies and militarism, he endeavored, as Prime Minister, to give Italy a large military establishment; and though he knew the folly of colonial expansion in Abyssinia, he lacked pluck to resist it. He displayed a similar moral cowardice in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

case of the bank frauds, which he allowed to go on. Although he was too clever to be caught with incriminating spoils upon him, his wives, and familiars, and his political favorites for the time being, profited by the countless opopportunities for graft. He was energetic in the physical exercise of his authority: as when he suppressed the starving Sicilians by martial law; and whenever he returned to office there was a sudden bustle and hum, as of mighty workings. But Jingoism, like the drug habit, requires larger and larger doses, and the activity it generates is often deceptive. Having filled Crispi's two Administrations with sound and fury, it left little constructive legislation, almost nothing beneficent, to show for his long political ascendency. It ended in the terrible disaster of Adua, which brought the Italians only one compensation: it freed them forever from Crispi.

Whether Signor Palamenghi-Crispi will print another volume containing an apology of Crispi's conduct in home affairs, seems doubtful. If he does, it will necessarily require even more "doctoring" than these two, which will never command the trust of historians. Crispi was so crafty that we cannot be sure that he did not make changes even in his diaries. It is known that, on becoming Prime Minister, he sent to Turin and had abstracted from the archives there many documents which have since totally disappeared. The Italians have too high a respect for his cunning to pretend that these documents contained good things about himself which he wished to hide under a bushel. After Adua, he spent the last five years of his life arranging his papers, suppressing here and destroying there, so that the apologists might conjure from them a fictitious Crispi—farseeing, dauntless, wise, righteous, canonizable. The nephew-editor has manipulated this material still further to meet the exigencies of to-day, when the fact has been recalled that Crispi, among many suggestions, said that Italy ought to possess Tripoli.

The psychologist's interest in Crispi's career is this: he never outgrew his conspirator's nature. So his life was cut in two, the second half a denial of the first. As lawmaker and constitutional Minister he was continually doing that which, as a Mazzinian conspirator, he had denounced Cavour for doing—that is, insisting on the supremacy of the national Government and on the maintenance of law and order. Although he accepted the monarchy, he was never more than a reluctant convert: his head, weighing expediency, approved; his heart remained republican. Deeper still than his political convictions was his temperament. From youth to age he never belied his Albanian ancestry or his Sicilian apprenticeship. Proud as Lucifer, self-dependent, tenacious in wrath, scornful, domineering, crafty, vindictive, he treated his supporters like lackeys and his opponents like outlaws. His public career was a perpetual vendetta; his private life a scandal.

We should add that Signora Agnetti's translation is readable; but it is not always precise. Occasionally she misses the meaning altogether; so that students should be warned to turn to the original text wherever important statements are involved.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Picked Company. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

According to "Who's Who in America," Mrs. Foote's address reads, with surprising appropriateness, "North Star Mines, Grass Valley, California." Writers about the Far West commonly prefer to dwell in the East, but this novelist, though she was born in New York State and educated in New York City, has spent most of her life in the region from which her subjects are derived. "The Led Horse Claim" appeared (does it seem possible?) thirty years ago. Since then this writer's output has run to a scant dozen books (she is, of course, an illustrator as well). There is not a big story among them, but they have an atmosphere, and a gentle distinction of style which now grows rather old-fashioned.

In "A Picked Company" Mrs. Foote has gone back to the forties and the followers of the Oregon trail. A band of New England villagers, under the leadership of their old pastor, set out in the footsteps of Dr. Whitman, to found a pious colony on the farthest frontier. The old man is an enthusiast and a visionary, fit to inspire a pilgrimage, but helpless in practical matters. A villain (of, it must be owned, pretty conventional type) associates himself with the party from mercenary motives, as guide and manager, and becomes the mainspring of a rather sensational romantic action. This involves the seduction of a girl of the company and the eventual death of the villain at the hands of virtue. We could have wished more made of the pioneering experience of the band as a whole, and less of the personal episode. Stella, the girl who goes wrong, is painted in great detail, and is a good picture of the worthless, selfish butterfly type, foredoomed from birth to a paltry fate.

The Inner Flame. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Without subjecting this gentlest of tales to a too searching analysis, we may venture to say it was the inner flame that for twenty-five years had kept poor, solitary Aunt Mary alive and enthusiastically painting unsalable pictures. After her unobserved light had failed, and the fuel was handed on in the shape of a legacy to her nephew, who had it in him to paint pictures of recognizable value, it was the self-same inner flame that sustained the hardworking young art student in buoyant spirits amid the social rigors of a New York winter. It illuminated with contentment his town quarters in a Gramercy Park stable, and when fortune landed him radiant but penniless for the summer in a painter's paradise off the Maine coast, the divine spark even fired him with the rare courage to turn a henhouse into a studio. Again, it was the inner flame that revealed to Kathleen, his fair, intellectual cousin-by-marriage, certain fairy-tales of educational value that might be based upon microscopic research and illustrated by an able but impecunious young artist. A kindred irradiation—this time an extraordinary vocal gift—lighted her nonchalant brother into the pleasant paths of financial independence, and with a more tricksy gleam led the nimble feet of the young instructress in the art of dancing, who made the fourth member of this youthful quartet. What, we beg the patient and presumably juvenile reader to consider, would it have profited either pair to meet in New York and to summer together on Brewster's Island, had there been lacking that sympathetic understanding engendered by the inner flame? As to the faithful servitor Eliza and the mother who in Western exile unselfishly fostered her son's ambition, while these lacked the glory of the artistic impulse, it is well understood that these had "lights" of their own, and that they also shine as luminous examples.

The Soldier from Virginia. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Not long since this writer produced a romance the scene of which was laid in mediæval Italy. It was a fustian affair, but not intolerable. It is easier to romance with some degree of plausibility about a "Viper of Milan" than about a Washington of Virginia. A fact apparently understood upon the stage is that a good deal of absurdity may be allowed a "costume play"—a more antique and fantastic toggery allowing of grosser follies in speech and action. One would hardly take the trouble to consider the credibility of Miss Bowen's Milanese reptile, with his outlandish armament and haberdashery; but it is less safe to take liberties with the knee-breeches and queue, the conduct and vernacular, of the father of one's country:

> Hesperian curls, the front of Job himself,
> An eye, like March, to threaten at command—
> A station like Harry Mercury—

There is no charm of a romantic hero

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which Miss Bowen hesitates to visit upon the memory of the great Virginian; and he stands out from her pages a very pretty and clever little man—or manikin.

With the Merry Austrians. By Amy McLaren. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Here, as in "Bawbee Jock," the writer has produced a creditable story in the mild later-Victorian style. The school of William Black, Walter Besant, *et al.*, is, it seems, not yet extinct. The "merry Austrians" and their outlandish scene merely afford contrast and freshness of setting to the pair of young Britons who, with hearts of oak and manners to match, play out their little British drama according to very ancient rules, indeed. She is the young widow whose well-born husband has been disinherited for marrying her. When his death leaves her in poverty—that is, with only enough money to live on—she does not care for herself; but that her child should be deprived of his "rights," namely, the inheritance of superfluous wealth, fills her with a bitterness which all faithful students of English fiction will understand. Still, being proud as beautiful, after a single useless gesture of abasement before the inexorable grandfather of little Benjie, she retires in the direction of the Tyrol, and Belgravian rumor knows her no more. Then the grandfather dies. Then the supplanter, the presumably unpleasant person into whose pockets Benjie's patrimony has been diverted, undertakes that supreme feat of transatlantic heroism—the feat, to put it vulgarly, of shelling-out. He pursues the widow, he finds her, melancholy among her merry Austrians, he falls in love with her, and, after reluctances and misunderstandings, he marries her. The Austrian lady who covets Him and intrigues against Her, the Austrian officer who adores Her and triumphs over passion for her sake, are well enough as accessories, but chiefly serve to intensify the Briticism of the tale.

TWO BOOKS ON CARIBBEAN SOUTH AMERICA.

Venezuela. By Leonard V. Dalton, B.Sc., Fellow of the Geological and Royal Geographical Societies. With a map and 34 illustrations. (The South American Series.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Guiana, British, Dutch, and French. By James Rodway, F.L.S. With a map and 36 illustrations. The same.

These two volumes belong to a useful series of treatises descriptive of the various countries of South America, one of which, Mr. Koebel's "Uruguay," was reviewed in these columns about a year ago. Both are the work of authors who know well the countries they describe, and contain a great deal of information which will be serviceable to persons desiring to know something about the regions dealt with. They are not records of travel, though they contain pretty full topographical accounts.

Mr. Dalton's "Venezuela" gives a sensible, careful, and, where it touches historical questions, impartial description of a country of great natural beauty and immense natural resources. The physical geography, the plants and animals, and the aboriginal Indians are duly described. A chapter is given to the country under Spanish rule and another to its fortunes as an independent republic since 1811. Eight chapters treat of the different regions and states, and a general survey, which winds up the book, discusses the prospects of material development, including the means of communication and transport. Some statistics of population, trade, and finance are placed in an appendix, which would be useful if the governmental figures could be relied on. Even so, they are at least better than nothing. An interesting bibliography, the fulness of which shows how many travellers and writers from the beginning of the sixteenth century have occupied themselves with the country, adds greatly to the practical worth of the book. It will thus be seen that there is something in it about Venezuela in nearly all the aspects which a country presents, except those which may be called by the modern name of "sociological." A short paragraph is given to education, but one perhaps not disproportionate to the provision for public instruction made in the republic where there are only 1,404 elementary schools, with less than 50,000 pupils in a population of 2,665,000. We hear less than we should have wished about the racial characteristics of this population, *i. e.*, what are the proportions of persons of pure European blood, of mixed European and Indian blood, of mixed Indian and negro blood, and of pure Indians. This is a point of much importance in considering the social and political phenomena of the country, as well as in attempting to predict its development, and although no trustworthy figures regarding it are attainable, any light the author could give would have been welcome.

We are told very little about the politics of the country, with its twenty-two states and a small Federal District round Caracas, the capital; and the historical sketch is a monotonous record of faction fights which ended in nothing but the fall of one and the rise of another military adventurer, all more or less corrupt and rapacious. Venezuela is one of the oldest settled parts of the Western Hemisphere; and it is one of the few in which the traveller doubts whether things are any better now than they were under the rule of Spain, whether order is more secure, justice better administered, instruction more widely diffused, the development of the country better promoted, the life of the people any happier. Nevertheless, its condition during the last few years does seem to show some improvement from the days of Castro, and there is probably more prospect of further progress than can be discovered in such republics as Ecuador or Nicaragua.

Mr. Rodway's book on Guiana stands on much the same literary level as Mr. Dalton's on Venezuela. It is a description of the country, not a tale of travel or adventure, and, considered as a description, it tells the reader the things which most readers wish to know. The author has written about the country before, has lived in it, has formed views about the people which sometimes, as in his treatment of the case of the missionary Smith, may be thought to disclose partisan sentiment, but which have the effect of giving a certain freshness and "local color" to his writing. He tells us less about the several districts of Guiana, their physical character and their products, than Mr. Rodway tells us about the several districts of Venezuela, but he enters much more fully into the history of the country, and presents a more graphic account of its social conditions. The two books are worth reading together, for they call attention to three remarkable contrasts between the countries. In the first place, while Venezuela shows the results of republican independence in a Spanish-American country, Guiana shows the results of dependence on European Powers. Secondly, while the population of Venezuela is almost entirely of either Spanish or Indian origin, that of Guiana has a large negro, and in some districts a still larger Hindu, element. Thirdly, while administration in Venezuela is notoriously corrupt, it is in Guiana, or at least in British and Dutch Guiana, quite honest. To explain how these things come to be would require more space than we can spare for the purpose, but the facts suggest many reflections as to the value to be attributed to the name of republic. Mr. Rodway's comparison of the conditions in the three Guianas, French, Dutch, and British, is interesting. He may be, of course, and probably is, partial to his own countrymen; but the facts he states, if correct, reflect little credit on the management by France of her colony, to which she still continues to send out convicts; while they show that the Dutch dominion, though less prosperous as well as much smaller than the English, has latterly begun to make progress and has found in Malays from Java a source of labor supply almost as good as that which India has provided for the British plantations. In none of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these colonies, according to Mr. Rodway, are the negroes of much use for regular plantation labor. The East Indian, with habits of industry formed during many generations in his own country, appears much more available.

What Mr. Rodway tells us regarding the scenery of Roraima, the lofty sandstone mountain on the confines of British Guiana and Brazil, and about the vegetation round the magnificent waterfall which is the glory of that region, is well worth reading. But the most interesting problems raised by the account given of the three European colonies, are those which bear on the quality and capacity of the three races here placed in juxtaposition, Indians, negroes, and Asiatics, on the possibility of making the country fit for white settlement on a larger scale than at present, and on the kind of mixed race which will ultimately arise out of a fusion of these various elements.

A Miscellany of Men. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

One or two recent collections of Mr. Chesterton's essays have given us an uneasy feeling that the burliest of Tory-Democrats, the jolliest of living Englishmen, was growing weary. Though glorious Jack Horner was still lustily thrusting in his thumb, he seemed to be pulling out plums in less profusion than of yore, and to be more attentive to his thumb than to his pudding. His latest offering is not entirely reassuring, for it is largely made up of articles written some time ago—"from the South African War to the first impudences of eugenics; a time in which the liberal tradition, as I hold it, was not only dying, but committing suicide." Furthermore, he closes the book with an essay called The Angry Author: His Farewell, in which he threatens, with certain reservations, to desert the Fourth Estate, and become a romancer pure and simple: "I wish to gather up into this last article a valedictory violence about all such things; and then pass to where, beyond these voices, there is peace—or in other words, to the writing of Penny Dreadfuls; a noble and much-needed work."

But, at any rate, here once again is the earlier fiery gusto, the whiff and glitter of a keen blade not sporting idly with feathers, but hot with the conflict and bent on unseaming the adversary from the nave to the chaps. Here again is the masterful brushing aside of party catch-words, the steady drive at realities, the scorn of Utopists and doctrinaires, the unrelenting hatred of national oppression and hypocrisy—a head-on collision, in short, between a ruddy, human liberalism, and the allied forces of canting Christians, visionary rationalists, and shifty, calculating imperialists. Mr. Chesterton's *casus belli* and his mode of attack are too well known to require further commentary. Let this serve as a taste of his valedictory violence—of his "Don'ts for Dogmatists; or Things I am Tired Of":

> Don't use a noun and then an adjective that crosses out the noun. An adjective qualifies, it cannot contradict. Don't say, "Give me a patriotism that is free from all boundaries." It is like saying, "Give me a pork pie with no pork in it." Don't say, "I look forward to that larger religion that shall have no special dogmas." It is like saying, "I look forward to that larger quadruped who shall have no feet." A quadruped means something with four feet; and a religion means something that commits a man to some doctrine about the universe. Don't let the meek substantive be absolutely murdered by the joyful, exuberant adjective.

The Problem of Edwin Drood. By W. Robertson Nicoll. New York: Geo. H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

Death took a hand in a fine piece of mystification, by stilling the voice of the great story-teller in the middle of "Edwin Drood." The world has been tolerably well content to leave half-told the story of Cambuscan bold, but the tale of Drood has been completed—in fancy—scores of times: the mystery of him is infinitely more absorbing than if Dickens had been permitted to solve it for us. Dr. Nicoll appends to his present study a bibliography of some hundred titles—adaptations, sequels, solutions, scholarly citations of evidence, wild speculations of every conceivable sort. Among the authors responsible for this mass of Drood literature one notes many distinguished names. The late Andrew Lang appears in the discussion a dozen times or more. Other well-known contributors are Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Archer, Beerbohm Tree, Hall Caine; and in the course of the text opinions are quoted from John Forster, Joseph Hatton, Hugh Thomson, and others. Professor Nicoll himself is anything but a dabbler, and the seriousness of his present undertaking is evident, not only from the character of the text, but from the fact of its dedication to Lord Rosebery.

The chief element of mystery in the story, as planned by Dickens, had to do with the fate of Drood. "Was he murdered?—if so, how and by whom, and where was his body hidden? If not, how did he escape, and what became of him, and did he reappear?" This is the direct Drood question left unanswered by Dickens's death. If he had lived, the question would have been distinctly answered. The corollary mysteries: who was Datchery, the stranger who appeared in Cloisterham after Drood's disappearance, and was manifestly destined to solve the initial problem; and who was the opium-woman, known provisionally as the "Princess Puffer"—these problems might have been left more or less shrouded, even at the end of the tale. The mysteries of Drood and of Datchery are dealt with in this book.

On the basis of a thorough marshalling of evidence, the writer shows that Drood was undoubtedly murdered. Dickens told John Forster that in the projected story a nephew was to be murdered by his uncle. "The murderer was to discover that his crime was useless for its purpose, but he was not to be convicted in the ordinary way. It was by means of a gold ring, which had resisted the corrosive effects of the lime into which the body had been cast, that the murderer and the person murdered were to be identified." Mme. Perugini, the novelist's daughter, corroborates this testimony, and says that it is impossible to suppose that, in view of the close relation between Dickens and Forster, Dickens would have changed his plan without informing his confidant. Neither Mme. Perugini nor her first husband, Charles Allston Collins, doubted that Drood was murdered. "Edwin Drood" was to be issued by Chapman & Hall in twelve shilling numbers. Six numbers were actually published. Collins designed the original wrapper, or cover, which enclosed the numbers really issued. Further, Charles Dickens the younger "positively declared that he heard from his father's own lips that Edwin Drood was dead"; and in that belief dramatized the story (in collaboration with Joseph Hatton). Also Sir Luke Fildes, the sole illustrator of the story (except for the wrapper), has testified that Jasper was provided with a double-length necktie because "Jasper strangles Edwin Drood with it." Furthermore, there is a note by Dickens himself to the effect that "Jasper lays the ground for the manner of the murder to come out at last. Night picture of the Cathedral."

After all which, Professor Nicoll concludes, "the proof that Edwin Drood was murdered is to my mind mainly to be found in the pages of the story"—which seems to be leaving little to the credit of the Dickens testimony, elder or younger. But it appears that there have been careful and prayerful students of the subject who, while they are ready to admit that Jasper did his best to erase his nephew with the aid of quicklime, and rejoiced in the belief that the method had been effectual, suggest that he may have been more sanguine than sanguinary. Hence a legion of conjectures as to the time, place, and manner of the lamented Edwin's return. They are here assembled, and, one would think, finally disposed of.

Professor Nicoll believes that "Datchery" was Helena Landless in male disguise, and argues the point, if not with absolute finality, at least very ingeniously and credibly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Continental Legal History Series: Vol. I: A General Survey. By Various Authors. Vol. III: A History of French Private Law. By Jean Brissaud. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6 net; $5 net.

If the next generation of lawyers are not far more learned than their predecessors, the fault will be their own. Not only are law schools multiplying, but their requirements for admission as well as for graduation are increasing, and the quality of their instruction is improving. The law student of to-day enjoys educational advantages which Blackstone and Kent would have envied. And the end is not yet. Legal educators are insisting that the prescribed law-school work, extensive and strenuous as it is, has not proved to be sufficient; that it needs to be supplemented in many respects. Accordingly, the Association of American Law Schools has undertaken the task of mapping out a course of study in Continental Legal History, and of preparing translations of some of the best works on that subject. The volumes before us are the first fruits of this endeavor.

In volume one we have a general survey of events, sources, persons, and movements in Continental legal history. It is not the production of a single author. No European scholar, we are assured by the editor, has ventured to write such a book, out of his own studies. The volume has therefore been constructed by fitting together chapters separately written, each by a specialist in his own field. Some of the chapters have been prepared expressly for this volume. Most of them, however, are reproduced from standard publications; although, in "weaving them together into a connected and inclusive story," the translators and editorial committee have taken frequent liberties with the author's arrangement of topics, and at times have curtailed the text.

Notwithstanding the title, the historical outline in this volume does not embrace the entire continent of Europe. It is limited to the portion west of Russia and the Balkans—the portion in which the codified law of Rome and the customary law of the Germanic tribes have blended to produce a legal system, "which now broadly divides with Anglo-American law the spheres of influence in the eastern hemisphere." The reasons given by the editors for omitting any sketch of the legal systems of Eastern Europe—the Slavic, the Byzantine, and the Hungarian—are briefly as follows. These have remained quite separate and distinct from the legal systems of Western Europe, so that there has been no interchange of ideas between the two groups; no blending of legal rules; no reciprocal influence.

The story of the volume begins at the close of the Roman Empire of the West, near the end of the fifth century, and comes down to the present time. It is divided into nine parts. The period of political amalgamation from Justinian to Feudalism forms Part I of the narrative. Part II tells of Italy; Part III of France; Part IV of Germany; Part V of the Netherlands; Part VI of Switzerland; Part VII of Scandinavia; Part VIII of Spain, while Part IX traces the Canon Law Sources.

Although none of these sections could be omitted without detracting from the completeness of the story, it must be confessed that they differ widely in interest and importance. The first three parts and the last will be read with most zest, we believe; and are worthy of careful study. It is true that Professor Brissaud's sketch of early French law traverses a part of the field covered by Professor Calisse in his account of early Italian law, but the student will not feel that his time has been wasted by this duplication. On the contrary, after reading both authors, he will thank the editors for not limiting his acquaintance to either.

The third volume of the series, entitled "A History of French Private Law," is the work of a single author, Professor Brissaud. Here, again, the editors have taken liberties with the text. The original work is in two volumes, divided into three general parts—The Sources of French Law, Public Law, and Private Law. The introduction to part second has been taken from its original setting and made to serve as an introduction to part third. This rearrangement is not altogether felicitous, for it brings such topics as Anglo-American Townships, The Russian Mir, and the Village Communities of India into immediate connection with obligations, ownership, and the various other topics of private law.

In passing, we cannot refrain from a word of surprise at the absence of all reference to American publications on the subjects of townships and of the transition from collective ownership to individual ownership of land. Professor Brissaud cites a number of English and French writers, but seems not to have heard of the more valuable literature which has appeared on this side of the Atlantic. We are sure that his discussion would have been enriched by an acquaintance with the famous Johns Hopkins Studies upon these themes. They would have supplied him with additional evidence in support of his view, that "the abandonment of collective ownership has everywhere coincided with general progress"; that "the modern phalansteries have not succeeded in restoring it to honor, and the recent experiments made with the object of returning to this archaic system are not at all encouraging."

The main portion of this volume is worthy of all the praise lavished upon it in the editorial prefatory note by Dean Wigmore and in the Introduction by Mr. Holdsworth. After lauding the author's wonderful breadth of research, and his catholic and cosmopolitan use of every source of authority wherever found, Mr. Wigmore declares that these enable "him to show us the inter-relations of the individual principles. Everything is explained as a growth. Nothing appears as a merely arbitrary fact of law. It is the very antipodes of the formal lifeless treatment of the legal historians of fifty years ago. In the philosophic study of causes and conditions, Brissaud exhibits the best type of the modern legal historian. Law is expounded, not mechanically, but as 'a felt necessity of the times.'"

Notes

Prof. C. H. Grandgent will soon complete his edition of "The Divine Comedy"; Heath promises shortly the "Paradiso."

The same house will issue Bolt's "Peterli am Lift," illustrated, with notes and vocabulary by F. Betz.

"Socialism and Democracy in Europe," by Samuel P. Orth, is in Holt's list.

"With Master Minds," announced by the Universal Series Publishing Co., is a volume of interviews held by Herman Bernstein with many celebrated men.

"The Eternal Maiden," T. Everett Harré's first novel, is announced for early publication by Mitchell Kennerley.

A story of Western adventure, by Ridgwell Cullum, will be brought out shortly by Jacobs & Co. Its title is "The Night Riders."

Prof. Roland G. Usher is publishing, through Houghton Mifflin, a book on Pan-Germanism.

Four new novels are promised for this month by the Appletons—"Adnam's Orchard," by Sarah Grand; "General Mallock's Shadow," by W. B. Maxwell; "Everbrèeze," by Mrs. S. P. McLean Greene, and "The Ghost Girl," a detective story by Henry Kitchell Webster.

Little, Brown & Co.'s forthcoming list of fiction includes: "Joyful Heatherby," by Payne Erskine; "The Happy Warrior," by A. S. M. Hutchinson, and "The Day of Days," by Louis Joseph Vance.

Among the new novels to be issued this month by Duffield & Co. are the following: "The Street of the Flute Player," by Dr. H. de Vere Stacpoole; "The Silver Dress," by Mrs. George Norman; "The Wooing of Margaret Trevenna," by Roy Meldrum, and "Wild Justice," by Frances Clare.

Prof. Paul Terry Cherington, of the Harvard School of Business, has a forthcoming book on "Advertising as a Business Force" (Doubleday, Page).

February publications of Frederick A. Stokes Co. include: "Bobbie, General Manager," by Olive Higgins Prouty; "The Life Mask," by the author of "To M. L. G."; "Smith and the Church," by Harry H. Beattys, with an introduction by Meredith

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nicholson, and "Cooncan" (a card game sometimes known as "Rum"), by R. F. Foster.

The following titles are included in the announcements of Sturgis & Walton Co.: "The Love-Seeker, A Sentimental Handbook," by Maud Churton Braby; "Tad Sheldon, Scout, Stories of his Patrol," by John Fleming Wilson; "Education for Economic Democracy," by Prof. Arland D. Weeks; "Getting Together," essays by British and American Churchmen, Christian and Jewish; "Constructive Rural Sociology," by Prof. John M. Gillette, and "Memoirs Relating to Fouché, Minister of Police under Napoleon," which was originally published in September 1824, with the title "Mémoires de Joseph Fouché, duc d'Otrante, ministre de la police générale."

The Villon Society, of London, which is issuing, under the supervision of Mr. John Payne, an anthology of French verse from the twelfth century to the present time, is about to publish the fifth section. This, in two volumes, will include translations, in like metres, of selections from 150 contemporary French poets. Sections two and four—"The Renaissance Period" and "The Romantic Period"—have already appeared. The other sections, which will follow regularly, are the first, "The Beginnings" (twelfth to fifteenth centuries), and the third, "The Dark Ages" (seventeenth and eighteenth centuries).

Prof. Ernest D. Burton has been succeeded in the post of editor-in-chief of the *Biblical World* by Prof. Shailer Mathews.

Empires may vanish and provinces may be swallowed up, but the "Almanach de Gotha" goes on unchanged. The present volume, for 1913 (published by Justus Perthes of Gotha, imported by Lemcke & Buechner), bears, indeed, the proud inscription: CENT CINQUANTIEME ANNEE, and by way of introduction presents the reader with its history from 1763 to 1913. The portraits exhibit Alexandrine, Reine de Danemark; Christian X, Roi de Danemark; Marie-Adélaïde, Grande-duchesse de Luxembourg, and Alexis, Prince de Bentheim et Steinfurt.

The English "Who's Who, 1913" comes to us from the Macmillans, one of the most welcome books of the year. The present issue is printed on a larger page, which lowers the number of pages somewhat from the edition of last year. We need scarcely inform our readers that this work does not confine its biographies to citizens of Great or Greater Britain, but contains eminent names from all the world. In one point we think the book might be made more serviceable: the pronunciation of the names might be indicated.

In its journeys through the "realms of gold" the Oxford University Press has now come to Tennyson, offering two publications which are particularly attractive. One of these, in the green-and-gold series, "is an exact (but not a page-for-page) reprint of the Bodleian copy of the 1842 edition. The half-titles and advertisements are not reproduced, and line-numbers have been added to some poems. A few trifling errors of spelling, punctuation, and numeration have been corrected silently." The two volumes of 1842 have their separate title pages preserved in this pleasant reprint. The other publication from the Oxford Press gives the "Poems of Tennyson, 1830-1870." The print is exceptionally good; the illustrations include two pictures in color after G. F. Watts, and ninety-one cuts from Millais, Rossetti, and others. T. Herbert Warren, president of Magdalen College, furnishes an introduction. With the exception of the omission of poems later in date than 1870 (for copyright reasons we presume), this is almost an ideal one-volume edition of the poet.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson belongs to the one type of critic not obnoxious to authors. That is to say, he makes it his function merely to facilitate friendly intercourse between books and readers. In his "All Manner of Folk" (Kennerley), he flutters from subject to subject, kindling a little blaze before each, never says anything disagreeable, seldom pronounces judgment. If you were to give a great literary *soirée*, you would be glad to hear him moving among the guests, with his breezy and genial *parlage*, making every one feel *chez soi*. We do not mean to intimate that he has no personality or preferences. He has a decided taste for red. If you wish to give him a thoroughly enjoyable evening, you must invite artists and authors who are in the "movement." A sketch of Whistler serves as his frontispiece, and half way through you fall in with Max Beerbohm—the clever young man who in his early twenties felt that he was "outmoded" and must give way to "younger men with months of activity before them." Mr. Jackson is a modernist, though tinctured with discretion and humor. He is in love with the energetic, the picturesque, the unexpected, the defiant, the eccentric. He will fling his cap—a little while—for any one who has produced a variation in species, and not inquire too curiously whether it may not be a *lusus naturæ*. He intoxicates himself with a cocktail made by mixing a dash of Whitman, Emerson, and Nietzsche in a tumbler full of Mill's "Liberty." Richard Jefferies writes: "Erase the past from the mind, stand face to face with the real now—and work out all anew"; and Mr. Jackson finds the utterance "full of suggestion and in line with the ripest thought of the day." He holds that the "real enemies of society are custom and precedent." A clever observation, with a kind of centennial sound—where have we heard it before? He clasps hands with John Synge, Poe, Edward Carpenter, Thoreau, William Morris, Henry Mayers Hyndman, Jo Davidson—and any one else who is not a merely respectable member of the herd. Besides all this, he laughs in a cheerful and reassuring fashion, with Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear, and admits that the Superman is as yet only "an exuberant and tragic ghost pervading the twilight of humanity." It was an error to say that there is nothing disagreeable in his book. He declares that shameless "lionizing" prevails in the United States: "personal distinction is there received with a rapturous adoration which has small reference to the thing achieved by the adored one." In England "a healthy and keen sense of humor keeps the habit within the bounds of seemliness." We fail to see how such a nice man as Mr. Jackson could have permitted himself to say anything so horrid.

Volume XIX of the "Journals of the Continental Congress" (Washington: Library of Congress), edited by Gaillard Hunt, comes to hand two years after its predecessor; the delay, as the editor explains, having been due to the state of the appropriation for library printing. The period covered, January 1-April 23, 1781, was one of progress in national organization, notwithstanding the imminence of national bankruptcy. A Department of Foreign Affairs, the Secretary of which was to have liberty "to attend Congress," was provided for January 10, followed February 7 by the appointment of a superintendent of finance, a "Secretary at War," and a Secretary of Marine. February 16 an attorney-general of the United States was recommended, together with a Federal court for the trial of civil offences; while on April 5 Federal courts for the trial of piracies and felonies on the high seas were created, and two days later rules for the conduct of privateers adopted. On the first of March, following the ratification of Maryland, the Articles of Confederation were signed, and the Continental Congress became the Congress of the Confederation. So greatly had conditions changed, however, since the adoption of the Articles by Congress more than three years before, that almost immediately (March 6) a committee was appointed to prepare additional articles.

The overshadowing question, however, was that of ways and means. On February 3 Congress proposed to the States an amendment of the Articles, authorizing the imposition of a 5 per cent. duty on certain imports, the proceeds to be applied to the discharge of the principal and interest of the debt. The resolution, which Mr. Hunt in his prefatory note erroneously ascribes to January 24, was adopted only after a resolution declaring that the right to levy such duties should be vested exclusively in Congress, and that the duties ought to be uniform among the States and for specific purposes only, had been negatived. A circular letter of January 15 had already set forth the dire straits of the treasury, and the failure of the States to pay their requisitions; and on February 19 came an itemized statement of the debt, aggregating in specie, so far as the items could be ascertained, $26,617,812. Five days later the rates of postage were doubled. In March, with the outlook darker than ever, it was resolved that payment of the debt thereafter should be made at its specie value; and the States were urged to amend their laws regarding bills of credit, so that such bills might no longer have a legal tender standing save at their rating in specie. The further history of these well-meant efforts lies beyond the chronological limit of this volume.

The expedition, of which M. W. Hilton-Simpson gives an interesting account in "Land and Peoples of the Kasai" (McClurg), was made in 1907-09 for the purpose of studying the primitive natives of the Southwestern Congo, and making collections for the ethnographical department of the British Museum. Its remarkable scientific results have already been published by its leader, E. Torday. The basin of the Kasai (the great southern tributary of the Congo) was chosen for investigation because it contained an extensive *terra incognita*. This rare opportunity for the study of the negro who has not come into contact with the white man has opened up a new chap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter in the history of African culture. The expedition found the Bushongo, for instance, governed by a wise king, controlled by a sort of parliament of about 140 members, with an upper chamber of a very few of the highest dignitaries, such as the prime minister and the commander-in-chief of the warriors, and with a lower chamber in which were representatives of outlying districts, of the arts and trades, as well as women and slaves. Their art, says Mr. Torday, had attained a level never suspected in Africa outside Egypt, and their moral code was ideal. To prevent treacherous murders in the darkness it is forbidden to carry a knife when there is no moon, a wooden imitation of a knife at such times being stuck in the girdle.

The roof of the palace is supported by massive wooden pillars, elaborately carved, and in the centre of the little doorway is a beautifully carved door-post dividing the entrance into two. Door-posts such as this, some of them of great age, are common at the Mushenge (the capital), and one often sees specimens of wood-carving of an artistic quality, worthy of place in any European mansion, supporting the doorway of the most dilapidated leaf huts.

Cannibalism, according to Mr. Hilton-Simpson, is generally dying out and many of the tribes show possibilities of great development. Very different conditions prevail from those in the other parts of the Belgian Congo. The atrocities, of which the world has heard so much, are virtually non-existent here. "We came across no brutality on the part of white men towards natives during our journey in the Kasai district." What is needed is white men "of the *best class*" in the Congo service, and especially men who can give instruction in farming and will introduce new and useful crops. The book is attractively made up and has eight full-page color plates, 74 half-tones, a map, and an excellent index.

"The Book of Woodcraft and Indian Lore" (Doubleday, Page), by Ernest Thompson Seton, is a revised and enlarged edition of the author's "Birch-Bark Roll." It forms a bulky volume, in which the American youth who is "tormented with an insatiable instinct for the woods" may find an inexhaustible store of information and incentive, from forest ceremonies to "wild-wood remedies" and camp-fire stories. And the adult amateur camper, as well as the boy scout, will learn much from these heavily-loaded pages. The illustrations, half a thousand pen sketches, are as neat and accurate as Mr. Thompson Seton's usually are. From its predecessors the new edition differs mainly in the inclusion of a deliberate attempt to rehabilitate the Indian ideal, in which attempt the author seems to us zealous rather than wary.

In the preface to his "Essentials of International Public Law" (Macmillan), Dr. A. S. Hershey states that "the work aims to furnish the teacher and student with an up-to-date text adapted to the needs of the classroom, and also to present the specialist as well as the general public with a scientific treatment of the subject." Pursuant to this design, the author divides the law of peace into subjects and objects of international law; the law of war into land, maritime, and aerial warfare, and treats of the settlement of international disputes as the adjective law of nations. The chapters in which the up-to-date quality of the book is quite apparent are those entitled The Law of Aerial Space in Time of Peace and Aerial Warfare. Each chapter is short. The author offers no new or startling suggestions, but he reviews the various theories that have been advanced, and presents a very full bibliography of each topic. We do not find any reference here to the first American statute on aerial navigation. This omission is specially noticeable because its author, Gov. Baldwin, is often referred to in the notes. As the statute was enacted June 8, 1911, and embraces the regulation, numbering, and use of airships, as well as the licensing of operators, and defines the liability for injuries inflicted upon persons and property by the owners and operators, we should expect to find some reference to it in this up-to-date work. Still, we may well waive complaint on this score, as the notes and bibliography throughout the volume are unusually extensive; but we must complain of the author's dry and unattractive style, which, besides, is not always clear. In this respect the book is inferior to some of its predecessors, for example, the handbooks of Lawrence and of Woolsey.

Italy so abounds in charm that few scribbling tourists go wholly amiss, and Credo Harris finds at least a new frame for the old scheme, in "Motor Rambles in Italy" (Moffat, Yard). A fine young chap, crippled in the hunting field, seeks health in Italy, taking along in the motor a Kodak and a medical Austrian baron. Zigzagging across the peninsula from Como to Rome, they skim the cream of things, and the invalid sends back jocose and sentimental travel letters to a not wholly relentless Polly in a Como villa. The traveller is a Van Bibberish person with well-developed sensibilities, and engagingly untutored likes and dislikes. Worthy of the admirable Van Bibber, also, is the scornful misprinting of about half the Italian names. Between lovers these trifles are negligible. We leave the hero about to go on the operating table. Doubtless all young persons who read the book will agree with the reviewer in hoping that the hero's spine was put right and the car speeded for the Como villa.

"New Rivers of the North" (Outing) is a narrative of a journey made by Hulbert Footner and Auville Eager, during the summer of 1911, along portions of the Fraser, Peace, and Hay Rivers, to the west and north of Edmonton, Canada. The text is by Hulbert Footner, the photographic illustrations are mostly by his companion. The Fraser was followed from near its head waters to Giscomb portage, where it abandons its northwesterly course and turns to the south. At Giscomb portage a carry of six miles brought the explorers to Summit Lake, one of the sources of the river Peace. After descending the Peace to Fort Vermilion, they carried their collapsible canvas boat north to the waters of the Hay River on horseback, and explored the Hay from the end of this portage to Alexandra Falls, a distance of about 180 miles. Returning, they followed the same route to the junction of the Peace and Great Smoky Rivers, and then turned southeast, by way of Lesser Slave Lake, to Edmonton, their starting point. The interest of the volume lies rather in its narrative of personal adventure than in any considerable amount of carefully gathered information as to the characteristics and possible resources of the region traversed.

"Among Congo Cannibals" (Lippincott), by John H. Weeks, is the best and most trustworthy account of the natives of Central Africa with which we are familiar. For thirty years the author, a missionary, lived in close touch with the cannibals, his aim from the start having been to win their confidence and affection. After a brief narrative of his personal experiences in founding a station at Monsembe, about 600 miles up the Congo, he describes his struggle to learn the language of the Boloki and to reduce it to writing. Through the help of old and young he was able to collect "close upon 7,000 root words, which, with their derivatives, give us a vocabulary of nearly 40,000 words," and he says that the natives do not, as is generally supposed, "talk a gibberish like a lot of monkeys, but have at their disposal a magnificent language that excites the admiration of every student." Light is thrown upon moral conditions by the fact that "among the Congo languages there is no proper word for virgin." Then follow interesting accounts of the arts and crafts, government, ordeals, mythology, religious beliefs, and games. Fifteen of the numerous folk-lore stories are told, each one of which has its own little plot and exhibits some characteristic trait of native mind and habit. Much space is given to charms and to the magic of the medicine man, and it is significant that the latter "cures just that class of ailments that the different branches of 'faith healers' cure in Europe and America." In his brief reference to the burning question of the ill-treatment of the natives permitted by the Free State Government, he says that it would be impossible to publish "the outrageous and abominable details that were brought to light by those who were living in the midst of them." Throughout the book it is shown that the natives have far more intelligence and finer qualities than they reveal to the casual traveller. There are forty illustrations, mostly reproductions of photographs, and an excellent map.

The death is reported of Dr. David Henry Mueller, professor of Semitic languages at the University of Vienna. He is remembered for his numerous contributions to the history of Arabia and for works on Sabæan archæology.

Science

Stokes will add next month "The Rock Garden" to the Garden Flowers in Color series.

"Trees in Winter," by A. F. Blakeslee and C. D. Jarvis, is announced by Macmillan.

Mr. Henry T. Finck has completed his book on "Flavor in Food"; it will be brought out in the spring by the Century Company.

Mrs. Linda Hull Larned has rewritten her book, "The Hostess of To-day," and will bring out the new edition next month, through Scribners, with the title, "The New Hostess of To-day."

That Dr. James G. Mumford, after writing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many interesting essays concerning medical biography and on other topics more or less closely connected with medicine, besides some valuable contributions in his special field of surgery, should wish to let himself out more freely in a literary fashion was almost inevitable. He calls the outcome "A Doctor's Table Talk," and the Houghton Mifflin Company has made it into a pleasant little book, handy to read or carry. The form is not of the table talks of the Autocrat and some other literary forebears, but largely the talk and discussion of various of his friends ("Primrose," "Ely," and others) whom the reader will be glad to know. The topics are chiefly those of medical training and practice, the desire to put in a little descriptive writing occasionally getting the upper hand. The result is generally good, but would be better if a sharper file and somewhat finer sand paper were used in polishing. Dr. Mumford's views are in the main sound and well presented, although we think he lacks a clear understanding, not to say appreciation, of the attitude of the investigator. What he has to say concerning the general practitioner, his decadence and possible rehabilitation, and concerning nurses, where one has the feeling that much is held back, were worthy of a more extended elaboration. The general reader, besides enjoying the sensation of getting behind the curtain upon the stage of medical endeavor and among the actors and the "props," will derive much pleasure and no little profit from incidental discussions on the question of female suffrage and of socialism.

"The Sexual Life of the Child" (Macmillan) is a translation of the book which Dr. Albert Moll published four years ago last autumn, and which was well known to students of such subjects. The translation has been made by Dr. Eden Paul, a person of some experience in this line of work. In a special introduction Prof. E. L. Thorndike, of Columbia University, points out the usefulness of the book for parents and others who have to meet the complications and solve the problems most intimately connected with this phase of childhood. Intelligent readers of this class will certainly be much helped in understanding conditions which are now much less obscure than formerly. They will have read a good deal of bluntly frank detail and, as Thorndike points out, there is a quite possible danger that the enthusiasm of fresh knowledge may convert a few mole hills into ranges of mighty mountains. The translation is free and occasionally somewhat heavy, but an extended careful sampling shows that it is not often seriously misleading, although it distinctly loses in precision and fineness towards the end. It is hardly possible to do the book justice without going much more into particulars than our space permits or the subject would quite justify. It may, however, be said that Moll here as elsewhere seems to take a somewhat exaggerated view of the importance of some details, but possibly he is altogether right. He suggests that diaries, private autobiographies, and similar documents may well be the source of valuable information concerning the development of the sexual life of the writers. The value of diaries and similar papers depends upon so many conditions that all such material must be used with the utmost caution, and, it may be added, there is a considerable period of childhood for which an actual diary cannot exist and retrospective records are decidedly untrustworthy. Of more general interest is Moll's attitude to the question of education in sexual matters, about which so much has been said in recent years. Moll does not believe that this matter belongs to the school teacher, public or private, but regards such instruction as the proper function of the parents or those who for some special reason take the place of the parents. He thinks that the efforts to make this subject (the *sexuelle Aufklärung*) a part of the work of the school have already shown themselves to be harmful in Germany, where also, we may add, there are distinct indications of a growing agreement with him on this point.

Drama and Music

The Diaries of William Charles Macready, 1833-1851. Edited by William Toynbee. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols. $7.50 net.

These two portentous volumes, containing more than a thousand pages, are chiefly remarkable, perhaps, as a monument of editorial indiscretion and bad judgment. For the publication of much of the matter in them no excuse can be made on the score either of interest or of information. The valuable stuff, of which the proportion is not large, has to be dug out by the conscientious reader from a great mass of reiteration and triviality. Quantity, not quality, seems to have been the main object of the compilation. It is true that the restored passages in the diaries—suppressed for obvious reasons of friendship and good taste by Sir Frederick Pollock in his well-known edition of the actor's letters and diaries—throw a fierce light upon some of the most undesirable and familiar traits in Macready's character, but they serve no other purpose, and as these personal infirmities in no way affect his artistic standing, or the reputation of others, the necessity for reviving the memory of them now, when he has been nearly forty years in the grave, is not obvious. He was not one of the world figures whose idiosyncrasies are influential in the destinies of nations.

In a prefatory note Mr. Toynbee says that the diaries "present a series of character sketches unsurpassed in the pages of Greville." They do nothing of the kind. They abound, indeed, in mention of a vast number of celebrities, literary, dramatic, and political, of the Victorian era, but Macready, who, except on rare occasions, viewed everything and everybody through the medium of his own jaundiced temperament, furnished no trustworthy sketches except of himself, and those, of course, all unconsciously. He was, as all readers of Sir Frederick Pollock's book know, a man of extraordinarily complicated character, an interesting study for an expert psychologist. Mr. Toynbee reveals him in no positively new aspect, but confirms earlier estimates of him by additional testimony. He must have been one of the unhappiest of mortals, loathing his profession as he did, and being continually tormented by his sense of public neglect, his fears of failure, habitual suspicion even of his friends, and his innumerable jealousies. The offences into which he was led by his ungovernable temper were sources of almost endless remorse. With the highest sense of personal honor he was ever ready to attribute the meanest intentions to others. Deeply devout, and fond of dilating upon the beauties of Christian charity, he was rabidly intolerant of all other forms of religion but his own. Enormously egotistical, and convinced of his own genius, he habitually stepped upon the stage with mistrust and suffered the direst pangs of jealousy if any fellow-player won applause. A ferocious radical in politics, he craved the social distinctions he pretended to despise, and, even in the days when he was the honored guest of the most distinguished men and women of the time, he was forever deploring his exclusion from Court. A stickler for good manners, and proud above all of the title of gentleman, he was capable, when roused, of the coarsest language and even of disgraceful physical violence, as in the case of Bunn, which might have had very serious consequences.

A few extracts will show his attitude to his contemporaries. Of Edmund Kean's death, he says that "it scarcely awoke a passing thought; he has lived his own choice of life; even his indecencies have found eulogists." (But, nevertheless, he acted as chief mourner at the funeral, "feeling in thrall to public opinion.") William Hazlitt, who praised him insufficiently, was "a writer of conceited trash." Of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he notes that he was, "as usual, shrewd, humorous, and indecent." He "always believed that the erudition of John Philip Kemble had been falsely attributed to him." William Farren, the elder, was "hard and harsh as a crabstick, and artificial to the last degree." The Kemble monument in Westminster Abbey is "a sorry affair, but in my opinion quite good enough." The statue of Kean is "a disgusting bit of quackery," to which he adds that "Kean was the greatest disgrace to the art of all the disgraceful members who ever practiced it." An unfavorable review of the Werner of Vandenhoff moves him to say: "It gave me satisfaction to see this vindication of myself. This man is no artist; he is a very vile imitator, a servile slave of the press, and, I believe, an utterly low and worthless character." Of the same actor's Iago, he remarks: "A poorer, more unmeaning,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slouching, ungainly, mindless, unimaginative performance I have never witnessed." Fanny Kemble's journal is marked "by presumption, conceit, vulgarity of mind, and quackery." Commenting upon the prosperity of Charles Kemble, he describes him as a man "of moderate talent, without learning or one amiable or estimable trait." He subscribed, however, to a piece of presentation plate for him, while bemoaning his own lack of principle in doing so. Even his closest friend and ally, John Forster, to whom he owed much, did not escape this vituperation when he ventured to praise others. He is called "a mere hooter on of any successful person" for showing friendliness to Sheridan Knowles, one of Macready's choicest abominations. Such quotations might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but they make melancholy reading.

It is pleasanter to revert to his finer characteristics, to his integrity, his intense zeal for the elevation of his art, his indefatigable energy and conscientious study, his devotion to his family, and his courage in adversity. It is not surprising that a man of his exacting, jealous, and volcanic temperament should have been on ill terms with press representatives, who were in his day too often vulgar, greedy, and venal. His refusal to conciliate them was to his credit, but their antagonism hurt him badly throughout his career. Charles Kean and others were wiser in their generation, and, by making friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness, got good notices, while some of the noblest efforts of Macready were neglected or abused. For years he played to bad houses, and it was entirely upon his merit that he won at last. The main facts in his career are too well known to need rehearsal, but it is interesting to the stage student to note in these diaries the foresight and labor which he expended in the preparation, not only of new pieces and of his own particular character, but of the oldest plays. No matter how familiar he was with a part, Hamlet or Macbeth, for instance, he made it the subject of long preliminary study before every performance. It is clear that he left little or nothing to inspiration. All his efforts were the result of elaborate calculation, and this was why he could so easily be disconcerted by the careless or incompetent players, who were so frequently the objects of his furious denunciation. He took extraordinary pains with the manuscripts of Browning and Bulwer Lytton, both of whom were indebted to him for a large measure of their success. The former had a temper and a will of his own, and had some lively encounters with the actor, but the men remained fairly good friends. Forster was involved in the disputes over "Strafford," and these became so warm that it was doubtful at one time whether the piece would ever get to the footlights at all. After its production Forster angered Browning by criticising it somewhat coolly, and Macready laments Browning's ingratitude.

With the production of "The Tempest" and "Henry V" at Covent Garden, Macready established his supremacy over all living rivals, and at the public dinner which followed, with a Royal Duke in the chair, he delivered an address which was a fine vindication of his career. Considerable space is devoted, of course, to his American excursions which followed. His complaints of the supporting casts provided for him are incessant and bitter. He speaks of "battling against the odious and disgusting contagion of these senseless drones and beetles buzzing about the scene." He deals with the discomforts of travel in the Southern States in a vein of exaggerated humor equal to anything in "Martin Chuzzlewit," although at an earlier date he had written in strong disapprobation of Dickens's diatribes, which he feared might destroy his own chances of success in this country. On the subject of American journalism he grows exceedingly angry. Nevertheless, it appears that in 1847 he was seriously contemplating a permanent settlement in the new world. Any such plan was ended by the disastrous outcome of his New York engagement in 1848, with its riots and bloodshed. His diaries are full, of course, of his controversy with Forrest, but the verdict in that case was given long ago, and it is not necessary to review it. He does not strengthen a good case by the violence of his language, which is in strong contrast with the peaceable and politic utterances made by him in this city and Philadelphia.

This book will bring no satisfaction to the admirers of Macready. It shows him an aspiring and highly accomplished artist and a conscientious but weak, vain, passionate, unstable, and envious man. To his family he was stanchly loyal, but his lamentations over his dead children are among the many things which might better have been omitted. His friendships were easily chilled. A conspicuous instance is found in the case of Helen Faucit, with whom he was long on tender but entirely honorable terms. In those days he praised her abilities enthusiastically, but when she drifted from him, it was not long before he found her as devoid of talent as of gratitude. These diaries would have brought great disillusion to one of Macready's most fervent worshippers, Sir Theodore Martin, if he had survived to read them.

A volume of one-act plays by George Middleton, bearing the title of one of the pieces, "Tradition," will be published in February by Henry Holt & Co.

"The Spy," an English version, by Peter Le Marchant, of "La Flambée"—the play by Henry Kistemaeckers, about which much fuss has been made in European newspapers—was presented here in the Empire Theatre on Monday evening. It proved to be a melodrama, very unskilfully made, with one highly effective scene, based upon somewhat violent premises. Monique Felt, a good and religious woman, has been chilled and estranged by the egotistical tyranny of her husband, Col. Felt. She is in love, platonically, with the brilliant deputy Marcel Beaucourt, and would marry him if the Church would sanction her divorce. She invites him to meet her in her boudoir at 1 A. M., to consider their future course. Hither comes, unexpectedly, at the same hour, her husband, to confess that he has just strangled in the adjoining bedroom his chief creditor, Julius Glogau, a German spy, who had tried to bribe him to betray the defences of the fortifications of which he is in charge. He confesses also his suspicions of Beaucourt, while asserting his own undiminished love for her. The spectacle of his suffering, and her sympathy with his outraged honor, somehow rekindle the flames of dead and gone affection, and she not only throws herself into his arms, but volunteers to aid him in concealing the crime. Her lover, Beaucourt, becomes her confederate, holding that the killing of a spy is a glorious deed. So the happy ending is effected. Unquestionably the scene of the midnight confession is striking, and it was vividly enacted by Cyril Keightley and Edith Wynne Matthison, but even the latter could not make the sudden conversion of the wife convincing in the circumstances. There may be something in the original French to make it more natural and human. Apart from this episode the piece is of very ordinary material and quality.

The new Repertory Theatre, at Birmingham, England, will be opened with "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by a carefully selected company. This will be followed by various plays of Shakespeare, Jonson, Ibsen, Galsworthy, and others—"Strife," "The Silver Box," "Hedda Gabler," "An Enemy of the People," "Candida," "The Cassilis Engagement," "Nan," "The Scornful Lady," "Chains," "The Alchemist," and "Twelfth Night." The ideas, however, of Mr. Barry Jackson, the moving spirit in the affair, go farther than this. He hopes for the discovery of new authors and musicians—for one-act operas find a place in the scheme—the establishment of a definite school of dramatic art, and, in short, all the uses of the theatre in the wider sense. There may be coöperation, too, with the Repertory Theatres at Liverpool and Glasgow, with exchanges of ideas and of companies. The building itself has its distinctive features. So far as the auditorium has any model at all, it is fashioned upon that of the Kuntzler Theatre at Munich, and in place of the orthodox division into stalls, circle, and pit, there are only two tiers of seats, with the slightest curve, arranged so that it is possible to approach the dress circle directly from the stalls. The lighting arrangements of the stage also are based upon a German model.

"La Femme seule" is the name of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

latest play by Brieux. It has just been produced at the Gymnase, in Paris, and deals with certain aspects of the feminist movement.

The dignity of the House of Molière in Paris has been ruffled by the brusque action of the dramatist, M. Henri Lavedan, who the other day suddenly wrote to M. Jules Claretie, the director of the Théâtre Français, and withdrew his new piece, "Servir," which had been accepted by the committee for representation. M. Claretie now publishes a letter which he has addressed to the *sociétaires* of the State Theatre; whom M. Lavedan had accused of lukewarmness with regard to his new dramatic venture. M. Claretie complains, first of all, that M. Lavedan published his letter of withdrawal before it had reached the hands of the director. It is quite true, he admits, that the piece when it was read to the committee was not received exactly with enthusiasm. The reason was that the committee thought it rather audacious to produce on classic boards, where words carry far, a piece which, however well intentioned, was "disquieting" in respect of its action and the political tirades in which it abounds. It should appear from M. Claretie's letter that in M. Lavedan's piece an officer in uniform delivers "humanitarian and Anarchist" speeches, and that these proceedings, which can only be an echo of the Combiste régime, take place on the eve of a war, the declaration of which is announced on the stage by an actor representing the War Minister in person. M. Claretie assures M. Lavedan that there is no want of patriotism in the committee of the Théâtre Français. That is precisely the reason why the members of the committee "had some scruples about letting the first cannon shot be heard behind the scenes as a piece of theatrical effect on the eve of a day when the declaration of war might easily be no playing matter." The piece will be produced at another theatre and is certain to attract a considerable measure of public attention.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out this month in a cheap edition Rupert Hughes's "The Music Lover's Cyclopedia."

A monograph, entitled "Foreign Trade in Musical Instruments," has just been issued by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. The subject is handled under three headings: (1) Pianos, piano-players, and player-pianos; (2) phonographs, and (3) organs and string and band instruments.

In the days of Mozart it was customary to compose airs and whole operas to order for a particular singer, after the fashion of tailor-made gowns. This is no longer done except in the case of operettas; but sometimes the repertory of an opera house is shaped largely with reference to a particular singer. Caruso fills the house, no matter what he sings, but other vocalists, though they be as good and as popular as Tetrazzini, draw only in certain parts that seem to have been written to order for them. For the present season the repertory at the Metropolitan Opera House was arranged largely with a view to giving the newly engaged Frieda Hempel a chance to show why she has been for some years so great a favorite in Berlin. Her best rôle apparently is that of the Queen of Night in Mozart's "Magic Flute" (one of the made-to-measure parts for a particular singer). Illness prevented her from crossing the ocean in time to make her début at the first performance of that opera this season, which was unfortunate, for when she subsequently did appear in it she made a better impression than she made in the parts that she sang before this, particularly in that of Rosina, in "The Barber of Seville," in which her colorature was by no means impeccable and her acting lacked the Southern grace and vivacity indispensable in this rôle. She appeared to better advantage in the "Huguenots," another opera revived for her sake, with a big cast, including Caruso, Destinn, Alten, and Scotti. She is certainly an admirable artist, yet neither in beauty of voice, nor agility of execution, nor general charm of style is she the equal of the world-famed colorature singers who have preceded her at the Metropolitan.

With the possible exception of Theodore Thomas, no one has done so much to give Americans a musical education as Theodore Presser, of Philadelphia. Thirty years ago he founded the *Etude*, a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of music teachers and students. It carried the gospel of art to every town and village throughout the land, teaching correct methods, telling how the world's greatest artists won success, and arousing enthusiasm for the best in the musical productions of all countries. Its freedom from bias has been most commendable, and there has never been a trace of sensationalism or resort to charlatan methods to attract attention. It is therefore a satisfaction to know that it has probably the largest circulation of any musical periodical in the world. Its success refutes the current notion that to make a musical periodical profitable it is necessary to appeal to the vanity and the pocketbooks of singers and players. The January issue of the *Etude* is a jubilee number. It contains, besides the usual number of useful articles and 25 pages of music, several pages of congratulations from most of the leading American and many European musicians and writers of note. George Henschel gives his personal recollections, Moszkowski tells how fine editions help, Godowski writes on the place of technique in piano playing, A. J. Silver discusses the brain-training value of music, and a group of prominent writers recount anecdotes from personal experience by way of illustrating the difference between our musical life now and thirty years ago.

In a recent address, the Rev. Dr. Lyttelton, of Eton, England, quoted Edward Speyer, a German by birth, who was an admirably trained musician and a competent judge, as having said that nowhere in Germany could they get such an intelligent audience for classical music as in London. The recent improvement of popular taste in London goes to show that there was a large element of literal truth in that observation. Indeed, Erasmus said that the English were the musical nation, and the Germans the drunken.

One of the strangest things about Spain is that it has never produced a great composer, although the nation is fond of music, German and French as well as Italian. But now comes Ernest Schelling, who is referred to in *Musical America* as having discovered a Spanish Chopin during his recent concert tour. Granados is his name, and, said Mr. Schelling, he

> seems to be doing for the music of Spain what Chopin did for that of Poland. His works are amazing in their intensely Spanish quality and atmosphere—though they are not merely Spanish in the conventional manner. I have been busily studying his set of piano pieces called "Goyescas," which were inspired by the paintings of Goya. They are exceedingly difficult—difficult not only technically but also in conception. Although one feels in them the influence of the innumerable folksongs of Spain, his work is distinctly of his own creation. Granados has also written an opera and some orchestral works.

Art

Scribners bring out this month "Art Museums and Schools," being lectures by G. Stanley Hall, Kenyon Cox, Stockton Axson, and Oliver S. Tonks; also G. Maspero's "Art in Egypt," a new volume in the General History of Art series.

"Rossetti" will soon be added to Stokes's series of Nineteenth Century Art Books.

From the Lippincotts we receive two numbers of a new art series, French Artists of To-day. "Puvis de Chavannes" contains a critical introduction by André Michel, and notes on the cuts by J. Laran; "Edouard Manet" is introduced by Louis Horticq and annotated by J. Laran and Georges Le Bas. The work, which is done with Gallic brevity and pith, suffers somewhat in translation. The small quartos are attractively bound in blue boards, and contain each forty-eight illustrations. The series seems in all respects well planned, but we hope the English manufacturers will in subsequent numbers provide half-tone cuts of better and more even quality.

A quiet and well-bred deftness is the leading characteristic of the brief essays collected in Stewart Dick's "Master Painters" (Small, Maynard). Three Monkish Painters, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Giorgione, Albert Dürer, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Watteau, The English Portrait Painters, Turner, Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites, are the subjects. The essays suggest rather the outlook of a man of culture and tactful use of obvious sources than any closer contact with the matter in hand. The method is biographical, and the tone that of high-class encyclopædic compilation. A few errors may be noted. Cavenaghi's researches while cleaning Leonardo's Last Supper prove that this work, tradition to the contrary, was painted, not in oils, but in tempera. The Syndics, by Rembrandt, is misdated. Luca della Robbia, being dead before the "bonfire of the vanities," naturally could not have attended it.

We have already reviewed at length Rodin's talks on art, as reported by Paul Gsell (*Nation*, September 21, 1911). It remains to say of the English edition published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, that the translation by Mrs. Romilly Fedden is satisfactory, and that the handsome quarto has especial features in the way of fuller illustration and an index which make it more useful than the original French edition. Rodin's reflections range widely

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over the field of art, and this book will be a valuable possession for any art lover.

Rodin's rhapsody, "Venus: to the Venus of Melos," comes to us in the authorized translation of Dorothy Dudley. The work is adequately done, but errs on the side of literalness. This is an important little tract, for it contains in epitome most of the views on his craft which the master has elsewhere expressed more diffusely. As an example of the thought and of the translator's style, we choose this:

> The ancients have obtained by a minimum of gesture, by their modelling, both the individual character and the grace borrowed from grandeur that relates the human form to the forms of the universal life. The modelling of the human being has with them all the beauty of the curved lines of flowers. And the profiles are secure, ample, like those of great mountains; it is architecture.

This pretty booklet is published by B. W. Huebsch, of New York, with a portrait and two other plates.

The scope of "A Text-Book of Design," by Charles Fabens Kelley and William Luther Mowll (Houghton Mifflin), may be judged by the chapter headings. After chapters on the problem and principles of design follow: Spot Composition, Line Composition, Area Composition, Value, Color, Lettering, Design in Architecture. There are many illustrations after interesting and unhackneyed originals. The book is planned for college classes and mature readers. It differs from many manuals in approaching practice through theory. We judge it reflects the teaching of Dr. Denman Ross. To the academic student of design it will undoubtedly be serviceable. How far the doctrinaire approach is available for actual practitioners is another question. It has at least the high sanction of Leonardo da Vinci.

Finance

THE "MONEY TRUST."

Whatever any one may think of the merits and the tangible results of the "Money Trust Committee's" investigations—and opinions on those points are surely almost as diverse as the people one meets on a walk down Broadway—no one of an observant temperament can have failed to notice the wholly extraordinary nature of the existing status of the inquiry. On the one side a group of financiers who appear to be utterly unconscious of anything that is wrong or intolerable in the quite abnormal system of things that has grown up in the money market, and has spread until the very men who undertake to control and direct it are, so to speak, caught in the meshes of the net and dragged along with it. On the other side, a newspaper-reading and cheap-magazine-reading public which has been educated in the school of the Lawsons, the La Follettes, and the Lindberghs, until it believes that the very air we breathe is tainted with the machinations of the millionaires, and that the private citizen's rent and grocers' bills are secretly marked up by a malign Money Power.

Between the two, an investigating apparatus which excites alternately admiration for its cleverness, distrust for its particular methods, and irritation over a certain lack of breeding which frequently pervades it. At one moment we are summoned to watch a fencing of wits between counsel and witness, over questions which every Wall Street man knows are the most awkward and delicate problems of the day; at another, to hear testimony on the commonplaces of modern finance, so ingeniously manipulated that the simplest and most familiar phenomena and institutions of the market are made to appear in the headlines and editorials of the penny papers as cool and calculated conspiracy. To the observer familiar with the facts, the witnesses frequently seem to be unaware of the force and nature of their own admissions, and not to have the faintest conception that they have damaged their own case. On the other hand, a considerable part of the outside public seems to leap to the inference, on every such occasion, that a crime had been unearthed.

The fact is, that the large financiers understand their critics as little as the outsiders understand the financiers. They do not think in the same terms, and would merely be puzzled at overhearing one another's ordinary conversation. To a good part of the public, the New York bankers who testified at the hearing are regarded as malign conspirators from whom unwilling confessions were being dragged. By a good part of the immediate community in which these financiers are themselves accustomed to move, the outside public's attitude is ascribed merely to hopeless ignorance and incendiary agitation. The one notion is about as accurate as the other.

The inquiry is itself in some respects a puzzle. That certain men are brought to testify is no less surprising to the well-informed than the fact that other men, even more essential to the purpose of the investigation, are not. At times, the inference that a spectacle has been staged with more regard to the bringing of star performers to the footlights than to the getting at the facts by the shortest road, becomes irresistible. This happens when a capitalist in whose views of finance Wall Street itself has never taken great interest, and who is known to be seriously ill, is hunted like an escaped malefactor, whereas everybody knows that two or three other men, far better qualified to testify on the questions for which he has been summoned, can be brought to Washington overnight.

It is hardly to be wondered at, that intelligent people watch this extraordinary episode with very mixed feelings—not less so, when the dumb Committee, who might equally have fulfilled their office had they been wax figures, are supposed to be the repositories of the remedial legislation which is to correct all the evils brought to light by the investigation, and to undertake the extremely delicate problem of overhauling the financial machinery of the day. All these things being so, it is quite inevitable that the thinking part of the community should feel a sensation of profound relief that this has happened in the last weeks of an expiring Congress, and not in the first weeks of a new one. No more mischievous situation could be imagined, from every point of view, than one in which a body of hastily constructed legislation on such a question should be in a way to impulsive enactment.

Yet no one is likely to deny that many highly important facts—largely kept secret hitherto, and bearing on a position of affairs which, in one way or another, must some day be dealt with in sober restrictive legislation—have been brought to light on the basis of authoritative testimony. These facts are in some respects more striking than the financial community had expected; in others much less so, for the Money Power has been an object of much legend and superstition, even on the floor of the United States Senate. But those of the facts which have been established—taken along with such comments on them as Mr. George F. Baker's—give the basis for some very necessary and judicious consideration of the problems which the community will presently have to solve; notably the problem of surrounding the banking field itself with such proper and conservative restrictions as will prevent its exploitation, now or hereafter, under the auspices of ambitious concentrated ownership.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, C. F. Seward and the Declaration of Paris. From Proceedings Mass. Historical Society, Boston.

Alexander, Henry. Place Names of Oxfordshire. Preface by H. C. Wyld. Frowde. $1.75 net.

Allingham, William. Poems, selected and arranged by Helen Allingham. Macmillan. $1 net.

Baikie, James. The Sea-Kings of Crete. Second edition. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Bindloss, Harold. Ranching for Sylvia. Stokes. $1.30 net.

Botsford, G. W. and L. S. Source-Book of Ancient History. Macmillan. $1.30 net.

Bradbury, Frederick. History of Old Sheffield Plate. Macmillan. $12 net.

Catalogue of the Ancient Sculptures Preserved in the Municipal Collections of Rome: Sculptures of the Museo Capitolino. Text and Plates. By Members of the British School at Rome. Frowde. $5.75 net, with plates $19.25.

Cook, E. C. Literary Influences in Colonial Newspapers, 1704-1750. (Col. Univ. Press.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.

Cook, E. T. Homes and Haunts of John Ruskin. Macmillan. $6 net.

Curtis, I. G. The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth. Chicago: F. G. Browne Co. $1.25 net.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dictionary of National Biography. Second Supplement, Vols. II and III. Macmillan. $4.25 net, each.
English Homes of the Early Renaissance. Edited by H. Avray Tipping. Scribner.
Gause, F. A., and Carr, C. C. The Story of Panama. Boston: Silver, Burdett. $1.50.
Glover, T. R. Virgil. Macmillan. $2 net.
Gómara, F. L. de. Annals of the Emperor Charles V. Spanish text and English translation edited, with notes, by R. B. Merriman. Frowde.
Gray, W. F. Books That Count: A Dictionary of Standard Books. Macmillan.
Hardy, E. G. Roman Laws and Charters. Trans., with notes, by E. G. Hardy. Frowde. $3.40 net.
Hourwich, I. A. Immigration and Labor. Putnam.
Howe, S. B. Essentials in Early European History. Longmans. $1.50.
Hunt, B. Folk Tales of Breffny. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hutchinson, A. S. M. The Happy Warrior. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Hutton, Edward. Highways and Byways in Somerset. Macmillan. $2 net.
Hyndman, H. M. Further Reminiscences. Macmillan. $5 net.
Industrial Combinations and Trusts. Edited by W. S. Stevens. Macmillan. $2 net.
Keble's Lectures on Poetry, 1832-1841. Trans. by E. K. Francis. 2 vols. Frowde.
Lamborn, E. A. G. Story of Architecture in Oxford Stone. Frowde.
Leary, R. W. Italian Lanes and Highroads. McBride, Nast. $1 net.
Leonard, W. E. Aesop and Hyssop. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Macdonald, J. R. Syndicalism. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Maimonides on Ethics (Shemonah Perakim). Edited and translated by J. I. Gorfinkle. (Col. Univ. Press.) Lemcke & Buechner.
Moody, John. How to Invest Money Wisely. The Author. $2 net.
Murphy, Louise. A Little Book of Bird Songs. Longmans. $1 net.
Oxford Book of Victorian Verse. Chosen by Arthur Quiller-Couch. Frowde. $1.90 net.
Philips, G. M., and Anderson, R. F. The Silver-Burdett Arithmetics. Books 1 and 2. Boston: Silver, Burdett.
Reid, Whitelaw. One Welshman; Inaugural Address, University College of Wales. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Renton, Richard. John Forster and his Friendships. Scribner.
Riggs, A. S. Vistas in Sicily. McBride, Nast. $1.10 net.
Royal Historical Society. Transactions. Third Series, Vol. VI. London: The Society.
Ruskin, John. Works. (Library Edition, 39 vols.) Edited by E. T. Cook and A. Wedderburn. London: George Allen.
Schiller, F. C. S. Humanism: Philosophical Essays. Second edition. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Serl, E., and Evans, V. A Primer: Day by Day with Sam and May. Boston: Silver, Burdett. 30 cents.
Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Poems, Tragedies. General Introduction by Algernon C. Swinburne. 3 vols. Frowde.
Shakespeare's Timon of Athens, edited by R. H. Fletcher; Venus and Adonis, edited by Carleton Brown. (Tudor edition.) Macmillan. 35 cents net, each.
Shakespeare, Tudor edition. All's Well That Ends Well, edited by J. L. Lowes; Taming of the Shrew, edited by Frederick Tupper. Macmillan. 35 cents net, each.
Singh, Bhawani. Travel Pictures: The Record of a European Tour. Longmans. $2 net.
Speir, Francis. In Colima, and Other Poems. Privately printed.
Stephens, James. The Crock of Gold. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Stevens, John. Journal, containing a brief account of the War in Ireland—1689-1691. Edited by R. H. Murray. Frowde.
Tapp, S. C. The Truth About the Bible. Kansas City, Mo.: Burton Pub. Co. $3.
Tennyson. Poems published in 1842. Frowde.
Tennyson. Poems, 1830-1870. Introduction by T. H. Warren. Frowde.
Terman, L. M. The Teacher's Health. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents net.
Warner, H. Y., and Porter-Ross, F. The Story Song Book. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $2 net.
Who's Who (in England), 1913. Macmillan. $3 net.
Wiley, Belle. Mewanee, the Little Indian Boy. Boston: Silver, Burdett.
Woodward, F. C. The Law of Quasi Contracts. Boston: Little, Brown.

Boston Transcript: — "Profusely, instructively, often entertainingly illustrated. . . . So much human color is imparted as to fulfil Lord Macaulay's requisition, 'History should be as interesting as a good novel.' . . . Consummate knowledge of his field, conjoined with a philosophizing turn, enriches the book with helpful generalizations."

New York Times: — "Excellent sketches of their lives."

Second Printing of

GEORGE ILES'S LEADING AMERICAN INVENTORS

Colonel John Stevens (screw-propeller, etc.), Fulton, Ericsson, Whitney, McCormick, Howe, Morse, Tilghman (paper from wood), Sholes (typewriter), and Mergenthaler. Numerous illustrations.

In "Leading Americans." Edited by W. P. TRENT. $1.75 *net.*

Henry Holt & Co., 34 W. 33 St. New York

Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law

Vol. LI. **THE SALE OF LIQUOR IN THE SOUTH.** The History of the Development of a Normal Social Restraint in Southern Commonwealths.

By LEONARD STOTT BLAKEY, Ph.D., Sometime Schiff Fellow in Columbia University, Associate Professor of Economics and Sociology in Dickinson College. 4to. *Paper covers* $1.00. Cloth, $1.50.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

Studies in the Psychology of Intemperance

By G. E. PARTRIDGE, Ph.D., *Author of "The Nervous Life," etc.*

This book considers its subject in relation to psychological and social conditions. Practical and grounded in science, it is of special value to all interested in intemperance as an individual or social problem. *12mo. $1.00 net, postpaid $1.10.*

Story-Telling in School and Home

By EMELYN NEWCOMB PARTRIDGE, *Story-Teller for the Bancroft School and Worcester Playground Association, and* G. E. PARTRIDGE, Ph.D., *Author of "The Genetic Philosophy of Education."*

Here are all a teacher or parent needs to know about story-telling and plenty of stories to tell. A book of broad culture and fine taste, and based on the experience of experts. Unsurpassed in its field. *12mo. Illustrated. $1.00 net, postpaid, $1.10.*

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

FOOD
IN HEALTH AND DISEASE

By N. S. DAVIS, Jr., M.A., M.D.
Northwestern University, Chicago.

Octavo. Cloth $3.50 Postpaid.

The first part of this book reviews the underlying principles concerning the nutritive and other qualities of different kinds of foods, discusses briefly their relation to the digestive organs, and traces the changes that food must undergo before it can be appropriated to the needs of the human system. This is followed by detailed consideration of the proper diet indicated for the various conditions of health and disease, each condition being taken up seriatim with concise, plain directions, and diet lists.

A descriptive circular with list of contents will be sent upon request.

P. BLAKISTON'S SON & CO.
PUBLISHERS
1012 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA

Symbol and Satire in the French Revolution

By ERNEST F. HENDERSON
Ph.D. (Berlin), L.H.D. (Trinity),

8vo. With 175 Illustrations Reproduced from Contemporary Prints. $4.00 *net. By mail* $4.25.

Of books on the French Revolution there have been many, but Mr. Henderson's volume covers a field almost untouched. In it are given a very full series of the extant broadsides, allegories, caricatures, and cartoons that appeared during the Reign of Terror, which, supplemented by an explanatory text giving so much of an account of the events of the time as is necessary to an understanding of the illustrations, brings home to one as nothing else can the passions that stirred the masses.

New York **G. P. Putnam's Sons** London

THE GREAT ART GIFT-BOOK OF THE YEAR

ART By Auguste Rodin

(Translated from the French of Paul Gsell by Mrs. Romilly Fedden.) With over 100 illustrations in photogravure and half-tone. Buckram, $7.50 net; three-quarter levant, $15.00 net; carriage additional. A book which takes its place at once as the most important art book in years. It covers practically the whole range of art, and abounds in memorable analyses of the works of the masters of painting and sculpture, ancient and modern. *Send for descriptive circular.*

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

Plays and Players in Modern Italy

Being a study of the Italian stage as affected by the political and social life, manners and character of to-day.

By ADDISON McLEOD

8vo, cloth, gilt top, with illustrations $2.75 *net*

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300
FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED